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HOLDING UP THE STANDARD

A LIFE OF
THOMAS OLIVER

JESSY L. MYLNE




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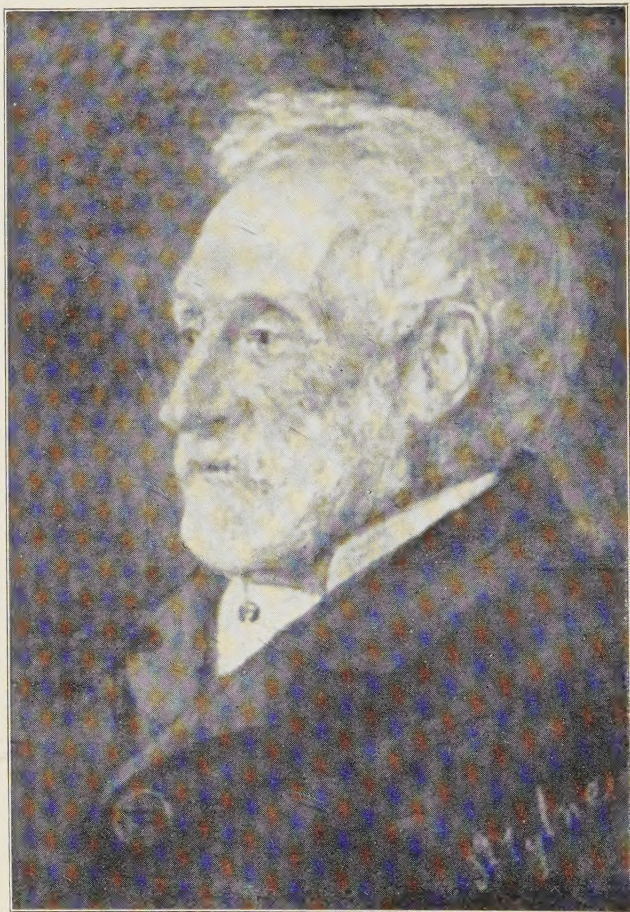
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HOLDING UP THE STANDARD



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Thomas Oliver

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HOLDING UP THE STANDARD

ON BEHALF OF THE

WEAK AGAINST THE STRONG

A LIFE OF

THOMAS OLIVER

TWENTY YEARS INSPECTOR OF THE GUILDFORD SOCIETY
FOR THE PREVENTION OF CRUELTY TO ANIMALS

BY

JESSY LOUISA MYLNE

COMPILER OF "A BOOK OF FAITHFUL REMEMBRANCE"

"Open thy mouth for the dumb in the cause of all such
as are appointed to destruction."—PROV. xxxi. 8.

"He shall have judgment without mercy, that hath
shewed no mercy."—JAMES ii. 13.

MARSHALL BROTHERS, LTD.

PUBLISHERS

LONDON, EDINBURGH, AND NEW YORK

1913

TO
THE SACRED MEMORY
OF A VERY
DEAR OLD OXFORD FRIEND AND
BELOVED BROTHER IN CHRIST JESUS,
WHO PASSED TO HIS WELL-EARNED REST IN THE
EVENING OF MARCH 10, 1913.
BY MEANS OF WHOSE KINDLY ENCOURAGEMENT
THE WRITING OF THIS BOOK WAS UNDERTAKEN
SO AS TO
"RECORD THE FRUITS OF GOD'S GRACE, TO
GLORIFY HIM, AND BENEFIT SOME OF"
MY "FELLOW-CREATURES."

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INTRODUCTION

THE following is the record of God's most gracious dealings with a poor shepherd-boy, taken out "from the sheepfolds" and "from following the ewes"—Ps. lxxviii. 70, 71. With bitter and hard experiences in his youth, he yet determined to learn his letters as best he could by attending at a night-school,—though for a very short time only, and then spelling out the words in the Book of Books by himself afterwards,—often reading by moonlight when no other time could be found for that purpose during the day. We see how God met him out in the open field, showing him himself, as in God's sight;—how He led him "all the way," causing him to "leave his temper at home" and to lose "the fear of man"—Prov. xxix. 25; enabling him to "be of good courage" and to speak the truth boldly before the Justices—although many eminent lawyers

were employed against him and his work—in the cause of truth, kindness, and justice. How he never went into the witness-box without lifting up his heart in prayer : “Lord, speak through me and speak by me, and suffer me not to say anything that is not strictly true.” That prayer was answered fully, for no one during his long service ever accused him of giving false evidence or speaking an untruth.

If these pages encourage others to put their trust in God early in life, and to take the Lord Jesus as their own Saviour, Keeper, Guide, and Friend, then the time occupied in writing this book will not have been wasted or spent in vain.

J. L. MYLNE.

GUILDFORD,
November, 1912.

NOTHING LOST

“To talk with God—no breath is lost !
Talk on, talk on !
To walk with God—no strength is lost !
Walk on, walk on !
To wait on God—no time is lost !
Wait on, wait on !
To grind the axe—no work is lost !
Grind on, grind on !
The work is quicker, better done,
Not needing half the strength laid on ;
Grind on.”

* * * * *

“Little is much when God is in it ;
Man’s busiest day’s not worth God’s minute ;
Much is little everywhere,
If God the labour do not share ;
So, work *with* God and nothing’s lost :
Who works with Him does *best* and *most*—
Work on, work on !”

ARTHUR AUGUSTUS REES.

“LET MY PRAYER COME BEFORE
THEE”—Ps. LXXXVIII. 2

LORD JESUS ! may a blessing from Thee rest upon each of the readers of this book ; may they be encouraged to be more “out and out” for Thee, more lion-hearted in Thy service. May they put more daily, hourly dependence upon the keeping power of our Great Jehovah, and may they walk in the Light of the Gospel of Thy Grace in this beautiful world, so darkened and disfigured by unbelief, with all its terrible consequences of sin and wickedness. May all realize more fully that they have an influence given them to be used for good or abused for evil. And may those who know not Thee, our Blessed Lord Jesus, as their own personal Saviour be led to seek Thee while yet there is time, *for the night cometh !* “O Thou that hearest prayer, unto Thee shall all flesh come” (Ps. lxxv. 2). So “Awake, thou that sleepest, and arise from the dead, and Christ *shall* give thee light” (Eph. v. 14). *Amen.*

“Stayed upon Jehovah,
Hearts are fully blest,
Finding, as He promised,
Perfect peace and rest.”

Part II

CHAPTER I

IN EARLY YEARS

“ He traineth so
That we may shine for Him in this dark world,
And bear His standard dauntlessly unfurled :

That we may show
His praise, by lives that mirror back His love,—
His witnesses on earth, as He is ours above.

“ Not only here
The rich result of all our God doth teach
His scholars, slow at best, until we reach
A nobler sphere :
Then, not till then, our training is complete,
And the true life begins for which He made us meet.

“ Look on to this
Through all perplexities of grief and strife,—
To this, thy true maturity of life,
Thy coming bliss ;
That such high gifts thy future dower may be,
And for such service high thy God prepareth thee.”

F. R. HAVERGAL.

IN EARLY YEARS

“His God doth instruct him.”—ISA. xxviii. 26.

THOMAS OLIVER was born on February 5, 1837, within the sound of Bow Bells in London. Shortly afterwards the family removed to Betchworth in Surrey. He was the third son of John Oliver and Elizabeth (*née* Boorer) his wife. His father was an active, hard-working man, a cordwainer (bootmaker), and his mother was a fine strong, healthy, kind-hearted woman, and an all-round good worker.

Thomas Oliver played knight-errant for his youngest brother—who was weakly—and fought his battles for him. One Winter when some soldiers were ordered out to the Crimea, before the actual war began, he says: “I remember as a small boy marching with them from Betchworth to Dorking; they were on their way to Chobham, where they were to be reviewed by our good Queen Victoria, before going abroad. Her Majesty stood in front of a clump of

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trees on Chobham Common, to take farewell of them and to see them march past. This clump of trees is still known for miles round as the 'Queen's Clump.' He also says: "I remember the Emperor of the French, Napoleon, riding by, his attendants being in light blue uniform."*

At John Oliver's death there were seven young children to provide for, six being unable to earn anything on account of age. Little "Tommy," seeing the difficulty his mother was put to in providing for them all—it was a poverty that could be felt—took the matter in hand with regard to himself, and went to seek his own living without consulting anyone, going from one place to another in search of a job of work. So he became a little "runaway" on purpose to help her, not at all realizing the difficult position she would be placed in by not knowing of his whereabouts. For, besides her own anxiety, she was worried and interviewed by officials as to what had become of him.

It is curious how he that had thus unwittingly caused her so much anxiety should have be-

* Napoleon was in England in 1851 as President of the Republic, and it was probably then that Oliver saw him with his Staff.—H. A. W.

come in later years a real comfort and help to her, —before his mother passed away, she lovingly said to him, in gratitude for his thoughtful kindness: “I have had many children, but I have only one son.” After her death Mr. Oliver sought the welfare of her second husband, who outlived her some years.

It came about that little Tommy Oliver was taken in out of pity at a farmhouse in the parish of Buckland, and given food and lodging in return for his services. These were days of hardship, but yet he tried when here to pick up a little knowledge of reading at a *free* night-school. Here also he was able to procure a Bible, which he took every opportunity of reading—even by moonlight when there was no time in the day.

There were three boys who lived near: one had an impediment in his speech, another was afflicted in his feet, and the third was by nature a weakly little fellow.

If Tommy came across them anywhere he would try and protect them, walking home with them at night to prevent their being interfered with by bigger or stronger boys. So he began holding up the standard on behalf of the weak against the strong at a very early age.

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From this place, which was a very rough one, he went to Chipstead, taking his Bible with him, which he continued to read, spelling out the words as he went along, he was so anxious to learn all he could.

Here his eldest brother, John, in looking for work and passing this way, found him, and let his mother know where he was. At an old farmhouse called "Gatwick" only himself and two men were there, so he had to light the fires, do their cooking, make their beds, and all other domestic duties ; he also had to tend the sheep on the farm lands ; and for the whole of the nine months he remained there—till he gave it up,—once a fortnight he had to take ten sheep to the Plough Inn on Malden Green, starting soon after midnight from Chipstead, passing through Smithen-Bottom, through Banstead and across the downs into Cheam, and thence to Malden, where it was his duty to hand the sheep over to another person, so as to complete their journey to Bayswater in London.

After refreshment and about half an hour's rest, he started for his long walk back again, arriving late in the evening, making a day's work of over twenty hours!

On a dark winter's morning, in one of the

loneliest parts of Surrey, near Banstead, quite suddenly the sheep scattered themselves in all directions,—this made the boy's hair stand on end, and he thought of the ghosts which he had heard were seen about that spot ; but whatever it was, he did not know, although he felt it brush past and against him. It was too dark to see what it could be, and in a few seconds something again rushed by. It made him "feel goosequilly," but he gathered the sheep together, and went on. Could it have been a poaching lurcher, or a fox after a hare? "Both went by in a big hurry," he says.

The men with whom Tommy lodged were very intemperate, being the worse for drink five and even six nights a week ! They treated him badly and were rough with him—there were no laws against corporeal punishment then. One night he heard unusual sounds as if someone was trying to break into the place. No other farmstead was near, and the two men were in a heavy, drunken sleep. With difficulty he aroused them, and with a great effort made them sensible of what was going on ; but when they did wake up to the situation they seized the loaded guns which they kept handy, one a single and the other a double

barrel, and opened the window, calling out, "Stop ! or you are a dead man !" But the fellow did not stop, so they fired. The man, however, got off, and went over the yard gate headlong in desperate haste.

On the other side of the farm lands, a good way off, lived George Garland, the working farm-bailiff, with his wife, two sons, and one daughter. The wife did Tommy's washing for him ; and going over there once or twice every week, he got to know something of the family. The mother spoke kindly to him, and when he was ill with a bad cold that settled in his face, which became so swollen that his mouth closed and he was quite unable to open it to feed himself, the jaw being fixed for about a fortnight, with much swelling, and gatherings that broke three times inside the mouth and twice outside also. He says : "The daughter, Mary Garland, showed sympathy towards me and made me some soft food, which I had to push and force between my teeth, laying my head back to do so ; she also kindly made poultices for me to put on at night. I was very grateful ; — *a little kindness at a time like that is worth a great deal.*"

But his daily work had to go on as usual ;

there was no lying by on account of health in those days, as can be done now. He much appreciated Mary's kindness, but her father did not encourage his visits, so that when he left Chipstead he lost sight of her; but he says "I shall always remember her gentle, thoughtful care of me with gratitude—I cannot forget that as long as I live."

This winter proved a very severe one, with heavy falls of snow; the boy much needed some good boots, and Mr. May, a nice old man, had measured him for a pair of strong hand-made boots suitable for his daily work and his long tramps to Malden and back. He kindly offered to make them, and was willing to wait for Tommy to pay for them by instalments. However, the two men that he worked under tried to prevent him from having these boots, and told Mr. May that Tommy would not be able to pay for them, as he had only five shillings a week with which to buy food and clothing. Mr. May kindly replied: "Never mind, the lad shall have the boots, even if unable to pay for them." But Tommy quite intended to pay for them, and by living on bread and cheese, with sometimes a bit of bacon or pork, he was able to do it. And when he paid the last

instalment Mr. May was pleased, and said: "Here, my boy, here's a shilling for your honesty."

As the bitterly cold weather and the long hours had been so trying, he left at the end of nine months, feeling that he could not face another Winter in this situation. He left it and took odd jobs, first with Mr. James Hewett at the Upper House, and then at Mr. John Hewett's at the Lower House, being recommended from one brother to the other. Then he had work at Lowlands, and also at Buckland Green. While here he "heard tell" that a lad was wanted at Hales Bridge, on the border of Sussex, near Newdigate, Surrey; so he set off to walk there, on the chance of being required, and was taken on by a working farmer, a "truthful, methodical man." Here he had to help in looking after the farm-horses—the master himself holding the plough in the furrow while the lad drove the horses, walking by the side of it. Oliver says:

"At this farm we had some pedigree heifers and milch-cows, also a bull—a little rascal—all Alderneys of good stock; they were turned out together on a large tract of ground.

"One morning early the stockman came into the farm stable, looking scared and white, and

sat down for a few minutes before he could say anything ; when he did recover sufficiently to speak, he said to me : ‘ The bull has chucked me over the hedge, and I want to get the cows in to milk them ; I don’t know how to do it ! ’ I said, ‘ I’ll help you ’ ; so we went across the meadow, and I added : ‘ Perhaps he’ll not come if he sees two of us.’

“ We had armed ourselves with a couple of sticks as weapons of defence, and as I took my place behind him, I said : ‘ Harry, the bull will be sure to shut his eyes when he goes to make the charge at us.’ No sooner had the bull seen us than he began to bellow, throwing the earth up with his forefeet. I said : ‘ Harry, as soon as you see his tail go up, he’s coming.’ Just as I had said, so it happened. My friend Harry went one step to the right and I went one to the left, leaving the place vacant where we had stood, and both our sticks fell across his nose. Just as he threw his head up into the air and gave the toss, Harry happened to catch hold of his tail, and so drove him round the field. We never had any more bother after. The master was quite surprised at the change that had taken place in him, but we kept our own counsel.

“ Whilst here I strayed into a field belonging

to the neighbouring Startwood Farm. A running brook separated our land from theirs. Harry was along with me, but on our side of the hedge. I was trespassing, having crossed the brook, and in this field a flock of sheep were grazing near the border. I was followed by what I thought was a hobbled lamb—one brought up by hand—instead of which it turned out to be a ram, which gave me a butt from behind, and landed me on my feet in the brook. When I attempted to get out on the side where the ram was, he dared me to clamber up the bank, for as soon as I scrambled up and got my head above it, he threatened to butt me in again. I called to my friend, ‘Harry!’ and he, seeing my plight, said: ‘I’ll get along in front and get over; you stop where you are.’ So he got across and came towards me. Directly the ram saw him he went for him, which gave me the chance of getting out; and after a few more ineffectual butts we got away. We learnt afterwards that this was his character when with the ewes.

“This farmer at Hales Bridge, Newdigate, had had a striking experience with respect to one of his horses. One night a cart-horse of his was stolen, and taken right away; for he

had searched everywhere, and had also put the matter into the hands of the police, but could hear nothing of it. A few months afterwards a horse was seen at Tunbridge Wells answering to the description which had been circulated ; it was reported to be working on the new railway which was in course of construction, being used in running tip-waggons—a most dangerous performance. The horses had to pull the waggons to the verge of the embankment, and then release the strain and quickly turn aside for the waggons to pass, and tip their contents over the edge of the incline. The owner was sent for by the police, and he went with a constable to the stable where they thought the horse was. It was just a shelter with a large number of horses in it. When they came to the door he said to the police-constable : ‘If the horse is here and can hear my voice, he will answer me. I will call him by name.’ He had a gruff, strong voice, and had names for each of his horses, and had ‘used them’ to this. So he called out, and immediately in the middle of the row up went a horse’s head ! The policeman asked him to repeat it, and the horse neighed. The farmer said : ‘That’s my horse’s voice.’ They then

went to look at him, and the farmer recognized him and said, 'Yes, that's my horse;' and he was allowed to take it home with him straight away. Then the police were soon able to trace the matter and put their hands on the man who had stolen it, and it finished up with his being sent to Botany Bay* in Australia. It was a cruel thing for one man to do to another, when both men were struggling for a living."

After a while he returned to Bucklands, and the next place he took was at Squire Hollamby's farm stables, where he was boarded in the house.

Here he found the foreman—an Essex man, being a native of Brentwood—was well up in his work, clever and very kind and quiet in his ways with horses. This gave Oliver a good insight into their well-being and management, especially as it fell to his share to have the responsibility and care of two of the six fine cart-horses that were kept there. Also six horses

* A Friend, J. J. N., writes from New South Wales on October 7, 1912: "Our bush is very bright with spring flowers—in places more open like a carpet of colours; but we have to go farther and farther back to find and enjoy them as formerly. . . . Sir Joseph Banks well named the district Botany Bay. May the original meaning destroy the one that for many years clung to it!"

for general use were kept in the other stables ; so, in his spare time, he had the opportunity of noticing how these were managed and cared for.

In the harvest-field, whilst he was here, a load of corn seemed likely to fall from a waggon ; and Oliver, in rushing forward to tighten the ropes at the winch-pin, was struck by a sharp-pointed prong which was accidentally left in the load. It ran through the left eyebrow and penetrated the cheek-bone beneath, providentially just missing the eye itself ! It was very bright steel, and no rust fortunately.

It was a bad accident ; but he had to walk about two miles in the heat to a chemist's at Reigate, who recommended "leeches," and on his return there was so much swelling that he could not see at all for some hours. Inflammation had set in, and the pain was intense. The cry raised was, "Go for Widow Moore !" who was an old woman of much experience. She kindly came and applied the leeches, and she told him to be sure and keep both eyes shut while these were on. Three took hold, which caused instant relief from the pain. He says, "It was almost like magic ;" so that he could at once sleep a little, and it got better

very quickly after that, though the mark remained and was visible till he was called to higher "service above."

He was in this place some time, and enjoyed the work, but gave it up, hearing that his Uncle Boorer, who was in the corn trade and "public" line, wanted help and offered him work.

However, there was an interval of a few months, and while waiting to go to his uncle's at Dorking, he took a temporary post at Brockham, and to use his own words:

"I was out in the field earthing up potatoes when GOD SHOWED ME MYSELF in His looking-glass AS HE SAW ME, a sight I shall never forget; and a new light flashed into my mind with regard to the Scriptures and Eternity.

"I found a war had commenced in my soul which lasted some three days, and I came to this conclusion, that it was of vital importance to me TO LIVE CHRIST as near as possible, and let the old things pass away;—that it was not enough to read about Christ only, and His finished work,—this I had been trying to do on every opportunity.

"Thus I was favoured by the Grace of God to renounce the world and its temptations, and I BELIEVED then and there THAT CHRIST DIED FOR

ME, and that there was no other means of obtaining Salvation except through Jesus Christ and His finished work for us on Calvary.

“And that, thank God, has been my happy privilege,—to live and walk in the light of His truth ever since. And gradually, as I learnt to trust Him more, I lost the ‘fear of man’ (Prov. xxix. 25).

“In my reading, when here at Brockham, and soon after my conversion, I wished for some information with regard to the Book of the Revelation ; so I went to the Rev. Francis Martin Cameron (p.c. of Brockham, 1849-59) at Brockham Green. He kindly saw me, and asked what my ideas were on the subject on which I wished to gather information—about the vials of wrath being poured out and the dreadful calamities! His answer was that I knew as much about this Book as he knew himself, and he could not throw any further light on the subject. He said: ‘I can see “that God is no respecter of persons” (Acts x. 34); He will have “mercy on whom He will have mercy”’ (Rom. ix. 18). He gave me welcome at any time, and said he would ‘be pleased to render me any assistance respecting the Scriptures.’ I thanked him for his kindness, and

had the pleasure of seeing and talking with him several times after, while I was at Brockham.

“He was a thorough Evangelist. I had known him walk in jack-boots four miles—two miles out and two home,—at night in the mud and wet slush, in the dead of Winter, to take a Sunday night’s service in a room at a farmhouse—and not a strong man neither ! Those are the earnest-minded ones, who don’t work in trammels, and are enabled to do much good.”

As previously arranged, Oliver now went to his Uncle Boorer’s at Dorking. Here he had the sole charge of a horse and cart, and had to pitch corn, and make himself generally useful, both in the house and in the “public” as well.

Sometimes he would have as many as twenty to thirty sacks of corn on and off his back before eight o’clock in the morning.

A certain amount of drink was allowed for every load pitched ; this he never touched, but walked off to his lodgings to get his coffee and breakfast quietly by himself with the Book he loved.

Every opportunity and inducement was offered him to take to the drink, coupled with some persecution from those around, who were so vexed, that he says : “They even threatened to

wash my clothes with it, by throwing it over me, just because I would not drink it."

He could have had liquor like water, as much as he would, but by God's grace he was kept from that, all taste for it being taken away. No doubt his Chipstead experience helped to make him realize the effects of strong drink; and he became a living monument of God's preserving mercy.

While here at his uncle's in Dorking, he took notice of a young girl who was in service. They would pass the time of day when they met, and he watched her, and much admired the way in which she went about her work. She (Miss Ellen Shove) also took note of him, and told a friend of hers privately, before knowing him at all well: "That's the man I would like to marry." They became acquainted, and eventually, after about three years of "keeping company," they were married at Nutfield on August 21, 1860.

CHAPTER II

IN PRIVATE SERVICE

“Do you own it, toiling brother?
Do you own the God of Grace?
Is your gladdest song,
‘I to God belong’?
Does He hold the Master’s place?
Then give Him your heart and hand and mind,
For you serve a Lord who is good and kind.

“Rejoice in it, toiling brother;
In the midst of daily things
You will work for man
As no other can
If your soul this story sings.
Then give Him your mind and hand and heart,
For yours is the holy and better part.

* * * * *

“Do you own it, toiling brother?
And ye of the leisure hours?
Is your gladdest song,
‘I to God belong
Who claimeth my ransomed powers’?
Then give Him your heart and hand and love,
Till He calls you home to the rest above.”

WILLIAM LUFF.

IN PRIVATE SERVICE

“Kept by the power of God through faith.”—
1 PET. i. 5.

DURING the three years of courtship, the sack-carrying at his uncle's proved too heavy for him ; therefore he left and took a place as groom and coachman to a doctor in Dorking. This proved to be a “decidedly active place” ; he had the charge of two horses and two carriages, which had always to be ready for use at any time, night or day.

On one occasion the doctor, with Oliver driving, went on straight through “a night and a day, with only time for snatches of refreshment between whiles,” and then they were off again !

This active work was good schooling, for no sooner had one carriage come back than the other had to go out, or else there would be a saddle turn required, as the doctor also hunted.

One night the doctor was called out to an

urgent case at Coldharbour (an unusual one of "singing" midwifery). Oliver says :

"I was driving the fiery black horse of about sixteen hands high. We had come at a swinging trot, and I was slackening the horse's pace a little, it being all uphill work. But the doctor said : "Time's time! and time's money to me! Go on; I find the horse flesh." He never had occasion to say this to me again; I let the creature go, and he galloped it! When we reached the end of our journey, he was no longer a black but a white horse, from foam and sweat, excepting only his mane and tail. We stayed there all that night and returned to Dorking next day (Sunday) about eleven o'clock, then off to Betchworth Park without taking the horse out. We came back; then I had to get the other horse ready immediately to drive up to Coldharbour again, where we stayed till the evening, when the danger was over."

At this place Oliver contracted a kidney complaint, his master giving him only the outside application of "blisters." But receiving no good from this treatment, his Uncle Boorer introduced and strongly recommended a doctor that he knew, and this one prescribed crushed juniper-berries made into a tea with boiling

water, to be taken three times a day as required. This remedy proved to be efficacious, and he got quite free from the complaint.

He says : "The doctor wanted me to marry and settle down in his service, but I thought it best to make a change ; he was sorry to part with me, and kindly said so.

"Then I took service with Lady McDonald at Holmwood, but she kept the place open for me till the doctor (who was also her doctor) had finished the hunting season. He 'could not let me go,' he said, 'till after that was over !'

"I acted as her manservant in livery and groom, for she kept a nice little grey pony which I had to look after, as well as see to my household duties at her residence, Holmwood Knowle, near Dorking."

Here he was allowed seven suits of clothes in two years—two undress tweed suits each year, one for house and one for stable work ; two ordinary blue and black livery suits with plated buttons, for indoor and travelling work ; and one full dress—blue coat with gold lace, scarlet plush waistcoat and breeches, white stockings with black shoes, and silver buckles. Oliver was grey at twenty, having had very black hair

previously, so there was no need for him to use "powder" for the full-dress occasions. He also had very white teeth ; soldiers have stopped him to ask what he did to them to make them so white.

He says : "Some of the visiting houses where her ladyship took me with her to stay at were the Hon. Mrs. Howard's, Ashted Park, near Epsom ; Sir Archibald McDonald's, Woolmer Forest, Bramshott ; Sir George Chetwynd's, Bart., at Grendon Hall, about three miles from Atherstone, in the counties of Warwickshire and Leicestershire ; Miss Sparrow's, Bishton Hall, near Rugeley, Staffordshire ; Sir John Hanmer's, in Flintshire, North Wales ; Lord Cholmondeley's, Cholmondeley Castle, Cheshire ; Sir Walter Farquharson's, Polesdon, near Bookham, Surrey. We also went to London."

Oliver was diligent in his work at Holmwood, and when in the yard attending the pony, the bailiff of a neighbouring estate, a dear old fellow, generally known by the name of "Yorky,"—being a Yorkshireman—would watch him at work, and, as he leant over the yard gate, he would call out : "That's right, Tommy ! Eyes open, mouth shut, and hands moving, that's the way to success !"

Oliver says: "My lady generally drove in her own carriage, taking her maid with her, and myself in the rumble at the back, hiring from the different stopping-places a couple of post-horses with a postilion. My duties were to look after the luggage and to closely overlook the hired horses and generally to attend to her wishes wherever she was. At the dinner-table I had always to be in full dress, and stand behind her chair and wait upon her, attending to her needs.

"She was a nice lady to do anything for, and I found it a pleasure to be where she was. She had always such a kind way of speaking and an even frame of mind.

"At the different places where we stayed I used to get up early in the morning (about four o'clock), to avail myself of the opportunity of observing the beauties of the scenery, and inquiring as I went along the names of the villages through which I passed. Then at the servants' breakfast they would say: 'Well, McDonald'—they always called me either by her ladyship's name or else 'Merryman'—'where have you been this morning, and what have you seen?' For I generally managed to get a good idea of the country round and to note anything of interest.

“ At Bishton Hall the retriever dogs used to enjoy going with me. Miss Sparrow’s house was refined and well-ordered in all parts, with family prayers morning and evening, usually taken by herself and attended by all the household. It was a peaceful haven of rest, like a little paradise on earth, and was looked upon as our home in the north. The Rector, the Rev. — Harland, preached one Sunday afternoon from Ecclesiastes, chapter xii., showing the seven stages of man. It was well worth listening to. I had a habit of shutting my eyes when intent on listening to anything.

“ At tea-time the servants accused me of having been asleep during the sermon. ‘ You think so, do you ? ’ I replied. ‘ Did he not say something like this ? ’ and I was able to repeat nearly all he had said. So they gave in and said : ‘ We shall not accuse you of being asleep any more ! ’

“ At Cholmondeley there was a Chaplain kept and also a Groom of the Chambers. Dancing was allowed in the servants’ hall every evening, and to each indoor man-servant there was a daily allowance of three pints of strong thirteen-year-old ale.” Oliver as a visitor was allowed the same. He says : “ I used to put

it into bottles which I got from the under-butler, and when the outside men came to the house, they had the opportunity of having my allowance ; they were pleased and I was the better for being without it. Had I only refused to drink it, the other indoor men would have taken it ; they had quite enough as it was, without my adding to it. Beer and toast were served in the servants' hall on Sundays before the morning, service which was held in the old Castle that formed the chapel to the house.

“ Lord Cholmondeley was a good man ; the stewards were the responsible persons for the management, catering, etc. On this estate they killed and used their own cattle and sheep, and provided their own venison ; there was plenty of everything.

“ At Sir John Hanmer's I saw the first dinner served *à la Russe* all the joints being carved off the table.”

Here, too, there were occasional dances in the servants' hall when anyone extra came in, and they were carried on with much spirit ; but in all the temptations which beset him, he was “ kept by the power of God,” to quote his own words ; “ nothing else could have done it.”

“ In travelling over to Bramshott by way of

Hindhead, the hired horses, being too fresh, looked like bolting, so I jumped off the rumble at the back of the carriage, and being as nimble as a cricket, caught hold of the handle of the carriage door and swung myself forward, catching hold of the splinter bar and then the horses' heads, and was thus enabled to pull them up, the postilion apparently having lost control. Her ladyship wanted to know if I thought it safe to continue the journey. So I said to the man: 'If you are not master of the horse, you had better let me get up and mount it.' This he would not allow, but we got on better afterwards. They had had their spurt, and we arrived at Woolmer all right, without any further adventures.

"When attending on her ladyship in her railway journeys, I always had to be in livery (blue and black with plated buttons). On one occasion, between Beeston and Crewe, I was in a second-class carriage; there was a lady and gentleman opposite, and a man sitting beside me, who very suddenly pulled out a revolver, and held it out pointing it at the people opposite. He asked them if they 'did not think it was a nice weapon to carry when travelling with property.' He got no answer from them; they

were petrified, and turned pale. It seemed a big surprise to them. I pitied the woman ; she went quite white. Then he turned to me with the same remark. I looked him straight in the face, and said : ‘ Friend, if that’s the only weapon you’ve got to protect you and your property, I think it a very poor one.’ At that he did not look altogether pleased. I said : ‘ I’ll give you an illustration. I did the same thing once myself when travelling with property not my own, and there never was a bigger coward that walked God’s earth than I, when carrying a weapon of that kind. I was up to such tension that if a leaf fell from a tree, I expected it was someone come for what I had got.’ And I also said : ‘ For one man ’—I expect I looked what I felt—‘ to deliberately take another man’s life, and know that it won’t add to his own, and do it only for the sake of plunder (not in self-defence), I look upon him as one of the biggest cowards that is allowed to exist !’

“ So sure had he pulled the trigger up, that would have been the signal for me. I was a young man then, and if I had placed my fingers inside his collar, he would have had something to remember. However, this jarred upon his nerves, and he put it away.

“ I was in charge of her ladyship’s travelling-bag and valuables at the time.”

Oliver much enjoyed her ladyship’s service and attending upon her, but he was so disgusted with what went on at Holmwood Knowle, and seeing what could and did take place amongst the other servants, he said : “ It was horrible ! There was plenty of everything, and then to see them make away with things that were not theirs ! I could not stay ; I should have been an accessory. It seemed useless for me to have said anything, as I was under those in whom her ladyship had implicit confidence—old trusted servants who had been with her many years. They offered me certain privileges to get me to join them in their wrongdoings. I said : ‘ Your mid-day walks are black enough, but how about your nightly drinking bouts ! No, don’t tempt me ; I’ll have none of it ! ’ ”

So, not approving of these doings, he thought it better to leave, after being in this place fourteen months only ; and he told her ladyship, to her surprise and sorrow, that he “ wished for a change.” He was much pained at leaving. He says : “ It was very difficult to know what to do for the best, having now a wife and one child dependent on me.”

Not so very long after he left, something of what went on was found out, and all the servants were dismissed !

After leaving Lady McDonald's, Oliver says, —“Which I have been sorry for ever after—I ought to have had courage enough to disclose to her what I knew went on, instead of leaving her to suffer and find out afterwards what was happening ; it was cowardly of me !”

He still remained in the parish of Holmwood, and took service with Dr. Philpot, not more than five minutes' walk away from the Knowle. At this place he had to look after a pair of good thoroughbred bay mares and a black hack. To use his own words : “Here we lived over the stables, and twice the mad-cap mare bolted when the doctor was driving. The first time I was able to get hold of the guard reins, and managed to stop her ; the second time Miss Philpot was beside her father, and I was at the back of the Stanhope phaeton, but I managed to get hold of the guard reins by reaching between them. We were going downhill towards a turnpike-gate ; I called out, ‘Don't pull her, sir ; don't hold her back, for I feel the carriage is striking her hocks !’ Providentially the turnpike people did not see us coming, so

the gate remained open as we dashed through ; and not till we got to the rising ground beyond were we able to pull up, and then we had been running about a mile and a half !

“ When I got down to examine her I found part of the forecarriage had broken away and cut her hock badly. I felt very sorry for her, she was such a smart, handsome horse.

“ The next day I said to the doctor : ‘ Before we use her again she ought to be tested, to find out whether she ran away from vice or from fright !’ He answered : ‘ I admire your courage, but I think it would be tempting Providence for me to keep her.’ So, to my sorrow, she was sold *without* a warranty.

“ No one except those that have been *really lost* can know what it means. It was a foggy day when we started out, I and my wife, who had the baby, our first child ; we were walking together on the main road by the side of Holmwood Common. She wanted something from a shop, so I left her to go on quietly, while I went across the green to get it for her ; I could just see the light of the shop through the fog. When I came out again with my purchase, it was impossible to see anything, and without realizing I had done so, I went across the main

road on to the Common. When I found I was walking on rough grass, it dawned on me that I had crossed the road! I knew that gravel had been dug out near there, and that the holes were not filled up except by water, so I had to go on my hands and knees to try and find my way back to the road, which I did eventually. I shouted and tried to make someone hear, but could get no answer till I got near enough for the wife to hear me. This was my first experience of being lost, and I do not want another—this was ample for me!”

“After awhile at Dr. Philpot’s, as I found it difficult to get on with one of the family, I decided to leave. So we went to Dorking, and took lodgings there while looking out for other work. I was still sent for to wait at table at her Ladyship’s when a party was on and extra help was required. One lovely moonlight night, when coming back over Holmwood Common, in that beautiful hilly and wooded country, I came up with ‘Old Joe Rat.’ I believe his name was Rapley, but everyone knew him as ‘Old Joe Rat.’

“It was rather rare to catch him sober, and I was coming home towards Dorking,—so was he. I overtook him, and we walked together; he

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was very anxious for me to sing him a song,
and one came to my mind—

“In evil long I took delight,
Unawed by shame or fear,
Till a new object met my sight,
And stopped my wild career.
Oh, the Lamb, the bleeding Lamb, the Lamb upon
Calvary;
The Lamb that was slain, that liveth again
To intercede for me.

“I saw One hanging on a tree
In agonies and blood,
Who fixed his languid eyes on me,
As near the Cross I stood.
Oh, the Lamb, the bleeding Lamb, the Lamb upon
Calvary;
The Lamb that was slain, that liveth again
To intercede for me.”

“‘Lor’!’ he said, ‘I never heard such a song
before in my life! Is that all?’

“‘No,’ I replied, ‘there’s more of it.’

“‘Sing it all then;’ and I sang it right
through—

“Sure never till my latest breath
Can I forget that look;
It seemed to charge me with His death,
Though not a word He spoke.
Oh, the Lamb, the bleeding Lamb, the Lamb upon
Calvary;
The Lamb that was slain, that liveth again
To intercede for me.

“ My conscience felt and owned my guilt,
And plunged me in despair ;
I saw my sins His blood had spilt,
And helped to nail Him there.
Oh, the Lamb, the bleeding Lamb, the Lamb upon
Calvary ;
The Lamb that was slain, that liveth again
To intercede for me.

“ Alas ! I knew not what I did ;
But now my tears are vain.
Where shall my trembling soul be hid ?
For I the Lord have slain.
Oh, the Lamb, the bleeding Lamb, the Lamb upon
Calvary ;
The Lamb that was slain, that liveth again
To intercede for me.

“ A second look He gave, which said,
‘ I freely all forgive.
This blood is for thy ransom paid ;
I died that thou mayest live.’
Oh, the Lamb, the bleeding Lamb, the Lamb upon
Calvary ;
The Lamb that was slain, that liveth again
To intercede for me.

“ Thus while His death my sin displays
In all its blackest hue
(Such is the mystery of grace),
It seals my pardon too.
Oh, the Lamb, the bleeding Lamb, the Lamb upon
Calvary ;
The Lamb that was slain, that liveth again
To intercede for me.

"With pleasing grief and mournful joy
 My spirit now is filled,
 That I should such a life destroy,
 Yet live by Him I killed.
 Oh, the Lamb, the bleeding Lamb, the Lamb upon
 Calvary;
 The Lamb that was slain, that liveth again
 To intercede for me.

*(From Richard Weaver's Enlarged
 Hymn-Book, No. 31.)*

"It's a very telling hymn—I used to delight in it—it was so applicable, and I could sing, I had a strong voice in those days; and when we said good-night near the Norfolk Arms, close by which he lived, he thanked me for singing him 'the song,' and said he was 'much obliged to me.' I was in my right mind, but he was a bit wobbly; he seemed to settle down a little after the singing.

"People said 'he lived on rats'—well, rats will eat of the best of food to be had, but I never tasted them.

"When at Brockham I had one rat run up my trouser-leg and take refuge between my shoulder-blades, next my skin; we were in the bay of a barn, and we caught a bushel of rats that day, heaped measure. If there was any adventure going I was sure to be in it.

One of the men told me to put my shoulders forward so that the coat was tight across my back, and he hit a good stroke across my shoulder, but the stick caught me as well as the rat, which was thus killed. It was David Friday, the keeper, a big strong fellow standing six feet without his boots;—but there did not appear to be any other way of getting the rat out.

“I have heard that rats never bite in the dark ; I don’t know how true that is, but he did not bite me, he only stuck his claws in. I never went ratting again without I had leggings on, or something tied round my trouser-legs at the ankle.

“Whilst at Dorking I took a job going daily to a private house at Holmwood, acting as butler to a lady.

“It was a well-ordered house in many respects, and there were daily morning prayers, when the servants all had to appear ; but there was a young between-maid who, somehow, never seemed to do anything just right. The mistress—who was in the habit of complaining about something or other—one day got furious and implicated us all in not doing our work as quietly as we might in the mornings ; so

my explanation was that the house was too small, and her bedroom being just over the place where the work was done, it was impossible to prevent some noise from being heard; and I also said: 'Unless this constant worrying and finding fault, especially with Maria, the between-maid'—who appeared to be a target for everyone—'unless this is altered, I shall be unable to attend prayers any more, as I consider it is unchristian behaviour, and does not agree with what you profess. I cannot mock God by kneeling in the same room and praying with you.'

"This put the poor lady about rather, but I said: 'Well, ma'am, this is my mind in the matter.' This may have seemed rather abrupt and harsh, but it had the desired effect. I have lived long enough now to think and realize that if you act conscientiously before God He will take care you are not the loser, for He will be no man's debtor.

"Having shown my colours in this way and in other respects also, though attending church as the others did, I found that a Christian servant who acted on principle was not needed in this situation. He 'that will live godly . . . shall suffer persecution' (2 Tim. iii. 12). 'In the

world ye shall have tribulation' (John xvi. 33). Yes, we are 'in the world' but 'not of the world' (see John xvii. 14-18).

"While we were staying in our lodgings at Dorking, I heard from a friend of mine who lived at Guildford, who had made my name known to Dr. Hatchard, the Rector of St. Nicolas and Rural Dean. He wrote to me to come and see him. I came and saw the 'place' and refused it; they wrote again twice asking me to come as their coachman, for they were anxious for me to try it. I was unwilling to go to Guildford, but it is not in the power of man to 'direct his steps' (see Jer. x. 23). This was fairly seen in my case, and in many others too, if they would but acknowledge it. I was led 'by a way that' I 'knew not'; truly I came by a way that I did not know (see Is. xlii. 16). I had to come;—and when I did arrive, I told my wife not to unpack much, as I did not think I should stop long; however, I stayed with Dr. Hatchard between three and four years, till he got the appointment of Bishop of Mauritius. The work in this place was a new experience, involving long country journeys and much Sunday work.

"We drove to Farnham, sometimes two or

three nights a week, either to the Bishop's Palace, or to the Archdeacon's, or to the old Rectory; we also drove to Brighton, to the Close at Winchester, and to London, staying at Richmond, Clapham Common, Bayswater, and Knightsbridge, visiting Dr. Hatchard's friends for a few days or for a week at a time.

"Here I had the charge of a pair of carriage-horses of good 'mettle,' and requiring to be highly kept, and fed well to get through the amount of work required of them. I also had to look after an extra saddle-horse when Miss Fanny Hatchard took to riding.

"At the opening—by her late Most Gracious Majesty Queen Victoria—of the Albert Orphan Asylum at Bagshot, I had to drive my employers there. A great concourse of people arrived on the scene; there was no proper stabling—tents only had been put up. We had to pay three half-pence for a pail of water! The weather was very hot and dry. The man in charge had the impudence to ask four shillings per horse for just standing-room inside the tent, where there were no feeding-troughs, stalls, or anything! So I answered him by saying, 'Make your bill out on paper. Are you the manager?' He

said, 'No.' 'Well, go and find him, then ;' and while he was gone out to look for him, I got on the box and drove round and took up my people, and was off on the road to Guildford with my carriage and pair before he returned.

"As nothing further was heard from them, I expect it was just a 'do,' and the fellow meant to line his own pockets with the money. A few others followed my example.

"One night on the way back from Farnham, when coming along the Hog's Back"—which is a long, straight road on the top of the hill known by that name, and is a very exposed place—"a terrific storm came up right in front, and broke over us ; the lightning was very vivid as it played round the horses' bits, shoes, and rims of the carriage-wheels. We seemed right in the middle of it, and one sharp flash came when the horses were in full trot ; they halted, and tried to jump over it ! Yet they were Artillery horses of good mettle, and were both powerful, resolute animals that had known the rattle of the guns ! So it took something out of the common to frighten them !

"When Dr. Hatchard got out of the carriage at Guildford, he said : 'This has been a bad storm, and it is a Providential thing that we

have been enabled to get home safely ; what your nerves are made of I cannot think !

“The roads were torn up by the rush of water, which made the driving awkward, especially at the Guildford end of the hill. It is a steep pitch at any time,—the new road by the hospital was not made then.

“When staying at the Archdeacon’s in the Close at Winchester, we used to put up the carriage and horses at an hotel where I was quartered ; but I also helped in the house daily in waiting at table, and washing up, etc. At the hotel stables there were a few three-year-old thoroughbred colts (racers) with their trainers. It was great fun to see them come out one at a time, on the lounging-reins. They had a yard covered with straw on purpose so that they could not hurt themselves. Out they would come like frolicsome kittens ready for a game at play ; they would plunge about, fall over, up again, box at you, do anything till they were tired out. Then they were taken out one at a time on the road to St. Giles’s, or to St. Catherine’s, and so on to the grass lands ; then their schooling began, with the walking and trotting exercises on the lounging-reins, three men being in attendance—it cannot be done

properly otherwise ; nor would it be safe on the road without one on each side holding a canvesson-rein and one to follow up in the rear, just to crack a whip when necessary—no fear of getting near enough to touch them with it !

“I found this place with Dr. Hatchard was quite as active as the one I had with the doctor at Dorking. I often had to wash my carriage at twelve o'clock at night, so as to have it fit by the morning ; for it was often wanted early in the day for shopping, in the afternoon for visiting, and in the evening for dinners. Whilst thus actively engaged, I had my fifth child—a dear daughter—very ill ; it was a trying time for us. She was attacked with inflammation of the lungs ; she got worse, and the doctor gave us no hope of her recovery. A local ‘general’ nurse recommended a fresh sheep’s melt, split down the centre (as you would split a plaice), and told us to bind on the raw side next the sole of each foot. She said : ‘You will know if it does any good, for you will hardly be able to bear the smell of it in the house when you have taken it off!’ We had it on some hours ; there was no smell till we took it off, and then the stench was horrible ! But the child got better

from that time ; so I have always thought it was a wonderful cure brought to our knowledge by God's great mercy in our time of sore need. I was thankful to have had this remedy given me.

" She was always delicate, and during two winters we kept a steam-kettle going for her, night and day. She was never strong, having been born when her dear mother had the measles out on her, and the baby was not free from it either. However, with care she lived to grow up.

" She was one of the best children that ever lived—so careful and thoughtful, and was especially fond of her father. She died at the age of twenty-five. This was a trying experience, for we loved her much.

" I was permitted to see her breathe her last, painful as it was. It was a beautiful snowy winter's night, and she looked white like the snow. I said to the woman who was there : ' We are in the presence of Death ; it is a solemn time ! ' Oh, there is something real at these times of deep sorrow, nothing artificial !

" She took influenza when in service in a clergyman's family at East Grinstead ; three or

four in the same house had it. She came home, but did not recover, and her master died too from the same cause."

It was while here at the Rectory that Dr. Hatchard's servants asked Oliver: "Why do you not get to church oftener?" But he says: "I could not often go, and when I was free to get away I went sometimes to the meetings of the Open Brethren or 'despised Nazarines' in Guildford.

"I had so much Sunday work, often having to take the carriage out four or five times in the day, and sometimes as far as Cranleigh, in the freezing cold, about nine or ten miles from Guildford. Some Sundays I had to be out oftener still, when extra work was required."

But although Oliver was thus seldom able to attend any place of worship, yet "The secret of the Lord is with them that fear Him; and He will show them His covenant" (Ps. xxv. 14); and as the rural postman of Bideford, Devon, Edward Capern, puts it:—

"'Tis true in yonder sacred fane
I cannot praise my King;
Yet in the meadow and the lane
I will be worshipping.

“ And while I pray sweet response
Shall rise from every stream,
And all the little birds at once
Shall chant their morning hymn.

“ Oh, what charm reigns o’er the scene
Beneath those dappled skies !
The cattle wear a pious mien,
And earth is paradise.

“ I ask no priest ’neath fretted dome
Their holy prayers to read,
No pew beside the marble tomb,
When God is over head.

“ So here, beneath His loving eye,
I’ll worship and adore ;
The vaulted heaven my canopy,
The earth my temple floor.”

Bishop Sumner’s Palace, Farnham Castle, was a nice place to go to ; the horses were always allowed to be put up, and Oliver enjoyed many a good dinner there. Thorne, the Bishop’s coachman, was a pleasant man ; they often had jokes together, and sometimes Thorne would ask, “ When do you get to church ? ” and Oliver would answer, “ When I get the chance ; Master will require his carriage up yonder and will want me to drive him, so I expect it’s all right.”

Oliver says he “ always thought it was a

clergyman's duty when visiting the dying to try to explain the step the sick one was about to take, and to point out to him God's love and mercy in giving salvation through Jesus Christ." One of the curates would call and give a sick man a shilling and then go for a walk (in the meantime the man dies) instead of staying with him and pointing him across the Valley of the Shadow of Death to Him who is "the same yesterday, and to day, and for ever" (Heb. xiii. 8).

It was no easy matter to keep the horses in fit condition for the road, and to feed them according to their work ; it was such constant work and long distances too. He says : "I have driven them as much as forty miles in a day." In driving to Brighton one very hot day a little lad sitting beside him on the box got sunstroke, and was laid up a long while.

Oliver had now a large growing family dependent on his exertions, and his bread to get, also his children's schooling to pay for.

Sometimes he would take extra work in off hours, such as in the very early morning, he would help to break in a neighbour's horse or two. People used to seek his help for this work, as he knew no fear.

One day when riding in attendance on Miss Fanny Hatchard (the late Mrs. Barclay) they went over the Merrow Downs, round the race-course, up to Newlands Corner—a lovely spot with wide extensive views, which are so well described by Martin Tupper in his poem on St. Martha's, that I feel led to insert some of the lines here :

“Lo ! the glorious landscape round !
Tread we not enchanted ground ?
From this bold and breezy height
The charmed eye sends its eagle flight
O'er the panoramic scene,
Undulating rich and green ;
And with various pleasure roves
From hill and dale to fields and groves,
Till the prospect mingling grey
With the horizon fades away,
Shutting in the distant view
By fainter lines of glimmering blue.

“Start we from the warm South-East,
Spread the fine pictorial feast ;
There, landmark tower of Leith
Sentinels its purple heath ;
Nearer Holmbury's moated hill,
Highden-ball and Ewhurst Mill,*
Dewy Hascomb's fir-fringed knoll,
Hindhead and the Devil's Bowl,
With peeps of far South Downs between
Seaward closing up the scene.

* This windmill has since disappeared.

“ Like a thunder-cloud beneath
Stretches drear the broad Blackheath ;
Scatter'd coins have sealed the sod,
A classic site that Rome has trod.

* * * * *

“ Gaze then on the Western plain,
A woody, various, rich champaign ;
Each in its hollow nestling down,
The farm, the village, or the town ;
Field on field, and grove on grove
Wavelike, far as eye can rove,
Till intersecting lines of hill
The blue horizon faintly fill.

“ And while thy spirit praises Earth,
Its precious gifts, its wealth and worth,
Forget not this glorious sky
Oh, lift thine eyes, thy heart on high !
Forget not Him, whose mercy gave
All the good we hope or have—
Him, whose Presence, far and near,
Man's best wisdom learns to fear,
Where above the green glad world
Heaven's banners float unfurl'd,
Gorgeous in each mighty fold,
Bathed in black, or fringed with gold ;
Or, as clouds of fleecy white
Sails in seas of azure light ;
Or, as streamers hurrying by
Tell of tempests in the sky ;
Or, like snow-clad mountains, stand
Giant wardens of the Land.

“ Earthward once again ; the North !
Draw its good, its evil, forth ;

Mile upon mile of waving field,
 Rare to see, and rich to yield ;
 The frequent village round its spire,
 The snug domain of rural squire ;
 Yon dusky tract of Waste and Moss,
 The iron roadway drawn across ;
 Windsor, throned o'er half the land,
 And gambling Epsom's far-famed stand ;
 While the dim distance in a shroud
 Is wrapp'd by London's smoky cloud.

“ Near us, Guildford's ancient town
 Between the hills is hiding down ;
 Decent Guildford, clean and steep,
 Ranged about its Castle-keep.
 Relic of departed power,
 Grey and crumbling square old tower.

* * * *

“ Westward thence a narrow track
 Stretches far the bare Hog's Back :
 Ridging up, with hilly sides,
 Lo, the bristling Boar divides
 Right and left a kindred scene,
 Purple moors and meadows green.

* * * *

“ Eastward to the landscape's end
 The sloping chalky Downs extend,
 Primal still, by man untamed,
 Fresh, unbounded, unreclaimed ;
 Now a lawn of herbage sweet
 Smooth as velvet to the feet,
 Now a jungle, matted dense,
 A wilderness of briar fence ;
 Here, an earthwork, fosse, and mound ;
 There, a race-course curving round ;

Hollow'd pits, where in old times
 Bad marauders hid their crimes ;
 Sad sepulchral groves of yew
 Solemn ranged in order due.
 Seeming of primeval birth
 Solid as the ribs of earth ;
 Where white Druids, days of yore,
 Roamed those mystic circles o'er.

* * * * *

“ Martyr's Hill !—before my mind
 Rise the triumphs of Mankind ;
 Martyr's Hill !—and to my thought
 Back the crimes of men are brought :
 Yes ;—for on this sacred sod
 Doubtless perish'd saints of God.

* * * * *

“ Their very murderers came in fear
 To bless the sainted victims here ;
 Penitent, with zealous haste
 Aloft the rustic temple placed.
 Keyless arches, rough and round
 Spanning high the blood-stained ground,
 Of iron sandstone rudely built,
 Memorial of their grief—and guilt.

“ Thereafter, Newark's princely priest
 Added all this Gothic East—
 Contrast to yon Saxon nave
 That simply mark'd the Martyr's grave.”

After staying a little while at Newlands Corner to enjoy the varied scene, in turning towards home Miss Fanny's horse bolted, and, clutching the bit in his teeth, set off ! Oliver says : “ At

first I thought she was only riding hard, but seeing the horse go down the bank through the old disused chalk-pit, often called a draw-pit, where the chalk had been taken out—and the ground was as rough as could be at that time—then I felt sure the horse had got the better of her, and I knew, if that were the case, danger was in front of her. So I set spurs to my horse, and ‘sat down in my saddle,’ and ‘sent him along,’ and we had a race for it—down through Level-dene Bottom, then making for One Tree Hill, where I was enabled to catch hold of the rein, and, pulling her horse’s head up, succeeded in shifting the bit, before we left the grass on the North Down (Merrow). She was quite overcome and nearly fainting ; her hands were blistered in trying to stop the creature ; so I lifted her off the saddle and set her down, and looked after the horses till she recovered. She would not mount the same horse again. I shifted the saddles and got up on the side-saddle, hanging my coat from it so as to imitate a lady’s riding-skirt, and thus broke him in for her use ; unfortunately for me she liked this exchange so well that I never had the chance of riding that horse again when she rode out.

"I had such a difficulty in making the runaway keep his place behind the other, there was nothing else to do but keep on turning him, so as to keep him back ; he was a plucky horse, and could not understand it. He did not like to have to keep behind, so when we came on to the grass Downs I used to let Miss Fanny get on ahead, and then let him have a gallop to catch her up again, he was in such a frenzy to get off! After Miss Hatchard had gone to the Colonies, and had become Mrs. Barclay, with children of her own, she returned to England, and while staying at Hampton Court Palace she asked me to go and see her there. It was during the time that I was working as inspector of the Guildford S.P.C.A., so I biked over, and it was a very pleasant interview.

"When Dr. Hatchard succeeded Dr. Ryan as Bishop of Mauritius, I took service with the Misses Moffatt of Waterden Crescent, Guildford—two dear old ladies, one a great invalid. Here I did eleven years of quiet, steady service, with a groom under me, and everything was kept up to the mark in every respect.

"We had a pair of fine powerful white horses and a large travelling landau, with hammercloths on each side of the box, and a place for

the footman to stand at the back. It was my privilege and a part of my duty to help to carry the invalid in her chair up and down stairs morning and evening, and to wait at table, and act as valet whenever their brother, Mr. George Moffatt, came on a visit. He was for three years the Liberal Member for Southampton.

“When Mr. Moffatt came he would always ask after the greys, and when they appeared at the door he generally walked round to have a good look at them; then he would say: ‘Ah, Oliver, we pay bigger prices for horses than you do, but we do not get them up to your standard.’

“We often ‘blued’ and ‘charcoaled’ them two or three times a day.

“When purchasing for the Misses Moffatt, Gray, the horse-dealer of Oxford Street, said: ‘I like your money, but I do not like your examination’—I had just examined a horse valued at a hundred and twenty guineas. I had looked and felt all the likely horses well over, and had tried this one’s eyes in the dark—by holding a lighted candle so that the animal was sure to look at the light—for the purpose of detecting ‘clouded sight.’

“Another time I had to take the above sum of money with me on the chance of my being

able to find a suitable horse to match the one we had in the place of the other which I had thought necessary to do away with, it having 'a chink in the back,' as fine a looking horse as you would wish to see, with beautiful limbs and in excellent condition. As I was taking him to slaughter a man offered me ten pounds for him, but I said : 'No ; I shall not let go of him till he is dead.' And I held the halter whilst he was being shot, and saw him fall dead at my feet.

"Our carriage was heavy, and how I could tell that a horse had been injured in the spine by being 'chinked' was, that when in a cart, he will groan on putting a load back, and in holding a load back when going downhill. To find out where the chink is, you have to carefully test all the joints of the spine, and press them between the finger and thumb.

"The horse that I went by train to see was recommended by Major Barlow, of Woodbridge, in Suffolk, of whom I had bought one before. It was at a private house about four miles from Kelvedon, which was the nearest station."

So Oliver walked over to inspect the horse, but when he got there he could see at once that the animal would not do. In walking back to the station he came across a rough-looking

tramp, who came towards him with an open knife in his hand, and said : "Do you want to buy a knife, guv'nor?" It was a great clasp-knife, and things began to look ugly.

"I felt danger was near, so I looked him in the face in a determined manner, and told him straight that I did not want that knife, and so we parted. Colchester Fair was on at the time."

This incident reminded him of that other providential escape in the train going from Beeston to Crewe, while acting as travelling servant to Lady McDonald, when he also had valuables under his care.

No doubt Oliver in both instances used the wonderful controlling and penetrating look, through the great centre optic nerve of the eye, to face and hold the foe, a power that God had given him in a very marked degree. He says that "even dogs obey it! In Genesis we read that God gave man control 'over every living thing that moveth upon the earth' (Gen. i. 26-28), and I believe blessed Adam with this power." He says, also, that mesmerists have tried to mesmerize him, but "were unable to do it."

A well-known mesmerist of Aldershot had to

be interfered with and interviewed. Two police sergeants warned him against being mesmerized by him, and one sergeant said : " You've got a tough one now to deal with." But Oliver says " he did not look or seem much like a mesmerist when he had to come to Guildford to pay for his misdeeds by a fine for causing a horse to be worked in an unfit state."

Another time, when horse-buying in London, Oliver had to go up to Sherstone's in St. Martin's Lane, near Leicester Square, to purchase a horse at about one hundred and sixteen guineas ; he took his saddle and bridle with him, as he says, " on the chance of getting one to suit me. I bought one, and he seemed all right as to colour, height, and build, only he was too good ! He wanted to do too much work in the time ; when he thought he'd go, he did go, and no mistake. I had a Buxton bit, too ! We did the journey to Guildford in about three hours, riding all the way, only stopping at the White Lion Inn at Cobham to give him a rest, and my arms too ! He was a grand horse, and easy to wheel about, but a demon to go ; his eyes were like saucers, and he would buckle his chin into his neck, and simply pull at you. When I got him home and put him alongside of our other

horse, it was a job to keep him back in his place. In driving him I tried many severe bits, but the sharper the bit the worse he would pull, so I drove him in a snaffle at last, and that did better. But before using the snaffle, when we came in from driving I have seen his tongue insensible to pain, and as black as my hat !”

Oliver had to be fully equipped and ready for all emergencies when driving for the Misses Moffatt, and usually carried a wrench, a jack, an extra pair of hame-straps, and a pair of traces, oil, blacklead, and all appliances for taking off wheels, etc.

“On Worplesdon Common one day we came up to a carriage with a broken trace. I was allowed to offer the loan of one of ours, for which they were very grateful, and they did not forget to return it. It was a lesson to their man to take one with him in future.”

At this time Oliver worked in the early morning and evening on his allotment ground, where he grew his vegetables ; also, with a view to going out to the Colonies, he learnt boot-making, for his young and growing family, now about seven or eight in number. However, they did not leave England, as his wife disliked the idea of the sea. He kept pigs for their own

benefit, doing all that was necessary in looking after them and the young litters, with the killing and curing when required. Also he bred otter hounds, and went otter-hunting in a field down by the riverside in Stoke Park; but it was too slow and tedious, only one or two were found, so he soon gave that up.

A neighbour who lived near Waterden Crescent had been ill, and wished to have someone with her when first driving out again in her pony carriage, for she usually drove herself. She applied to Oliver, and asked him to go with her and to drive the pony, if he could be spared for a few hours. Oliver went with her. He noticed that the pony was not going very well; it seemed "leggy," and after going along the London Road about a mile or so towards Sutton Lodges, the pony seemed inclined to reel, so he says: "I jumped out of the trap and supported him on the near side. The pony put up his head, neighed, and fell over on the off side, dead, and never so much as shook his feet! He was buried in the garden of the Green Man, a well-known wayside inn, where they also put up the trap and procured a conveyance for the old lady,—‘a dear old soul, and one who kindly appreciated my services.’”

Being strong and active, with plenty of nerve, he was able "to see things out"; for instance, there was a doctor who used to come from Frimley to the Three Pigeons Hotel in the Guildford High Street, almost opposite Trinity Church. One Summer's day his horse, when standing outside the hotel, in shaking his head accidentally shook off his bridle, and, turning round, started off, making for home by way of Chertsey Street. Oliver was near at hand, and seeing what was up, he says: "I rushed off the pavement and caught hold of the horse's leg by gripping the inner side of its forearm. The horse could do nothing; the grip held him, till someone put on the bridle. The doctor wanted to know how I 'came to think of such a way of catching him'; I answered that I knew it was 'a very sensitive part of a horse, as it also is in the human.' The doctor acknowledged my services and thanked me, saying: 'It was cleverly done, and if the horse had passed you, I cannot tell what might have happened.'"

At Miss Moffatt's one day, a nasty accident might have occurred, for Oliver says: "As we were coming away from the front door with the ladies in the carriage, one of the pair I was driving was a strange horse new to the work,

and did not understand the short turning necessary to go out of the Crescent into the highroad ; he leaned too hard on to the pole of the carriage, so that it broke. No brakes were in use in those days, only a drag, which, when put on, was called 'shoeing the wheel' ; so, then, there was nothing to prevent the weight of the carriage—it weighed 17 cwt. without anyone in it—from coming on to the horses' hindquarters."

Standing on the edge of the sloping foot-board, Oliver jumped over the near horse's quarters and seized both horses by their heads and talked to them, patting them up to keep them steady, and called to a passer-by to come and hold them, while he blocked the wheels. On examination he found that the near lamp had cut about a quarter of an inch deep out of the crupper of the near horse, who was a big resolute creature, and not a very good-tempered one ; had he set to kicking, the consequences would have been most serious, it was also on the same side of the carriage where the invalid lay reclining at full length. Oliver had heard that it was in riding that she had met with her injury, but she both loved and understood horses. In talking it over

afterwards with Miss Patty Moffatt, she said .
“ What a providential thing it was that Oliver had such presence of mind given him at the moment of danger ! ”

Once when visitors were staying in the house the carriage was ordered on purpose for the Misses Voyce, two daughters of a Lord Mayor of Dublin, whose brother, a Captain in the army, was taking part in the review to be held in the Long Valley at Aldershot, which is a long sandy space of ground where the peculiar black dust is plentiful, especially when the cavalry are in full gallop and a wind is blowing, —then it is almost impossible to see either men or horses. “ In driving there to see the review, we fell into a line of carriages, and I took my place behind a wagonette full of people, which pulled up suddenly, and the pole of my carriage pushed a few inches off the top of their wagonette door, which fell amongst them. The driver, having no whip, had not given me the usual signal for pulling up. He got down from off his box-seat, and went to speak to my lady, but Miss Sarah was very deaf and could not understand what he wanted ; so he gave me his card, saying that the damage done had been my fault through carelessness !

“He stayed in Guildford that night and called on my ladies in the morning, bringing a coachmaker’s estimate of repairs with him and applied for the money. The ladies sent for me to appear in answer to the claim. I did not consider myself as the aggressor, because the driver had given me no signal. So I could not acknowledge it, nor did I do so.”

About a month afterwards a stranger appeared with a bill showing costs of repairs to a wagonette. Oliver was sent for again, as usual when any difficulty arose. Oliver came, examined the bill, and asked the man who he was. He answered : “I am the owner of the horse and wagonette.” Oliver said : “Do you know that your friend, or whoever he was that was driving, had no whip on that occasion ?” He said : “Yes ; I never allow a whip to be taken out with that horse. He’s a good horse ; he is a free goer.” So Oliver answered : “I am sorry for you if you are to be the loser ; I am afraid that yours is a useless claim. Do you understand the rule of the road ?” “Yes.” Then Oliver asked : “Did you ever drive through London without a whip ? It is the only signal we have for those behind us.” The man did not answer, so Oliver declined to take any

notice of his claim. He says : " The dear ladies would have compromised, but I would not have it, being so clearly their fault, not ours. The man said he was ' sorry to find I was the man I was, but he must take further advice.' I suppose he did so, for we never heard anything more of his claim.

" After our two lady visitors—who were in the carriage at the time—had returned to Dublin, they were anxious to know how the case finished, and wrote to inquire. They, too, were surprised that I would not allow a compromise, but I felt my responsibilities. If I had done so it would have partly disqualified me for my work.

" We had been running three days consecutively from Guildford, to watch the movements of a ' Flying Column ' making for Windsor.

" One of the days we got out as far as Brookwood, where a bridge was supposed to have been blown up, and by command all traffic was stopped ; so we were delayed, looking on whilst a pontoon was being made ; then we were allowed to go over the bridge, instead of over the pontoon. We went on as far as the Hen and Chickens. Here parts of the column

met in opposition ; one poor fellow got killed. It was a very rough bit of ground. I think a gun fell over on to him."

When Miss Sarah Moffatt died—she was the last survivor—everything was given up. Oliver had the sorrowful duty of parting with his horses and taking them and the carriage to their nephew at Goodrich Court, Herefordshire. The house at Waterden Crescent, Guildford, was dismantled and passed over to another branch of the family.

The Misses Moffatt evidently valued Oliver's services very much, for a handsome present of a cheque in three figures was given him, for which he says he is "ever grateful ; it was a grand help." He invested the money in the purchase of a piece of ground, and built himself a pair of cottages. Oliver then was engaged by a Colonel in the London Road, Guildford—a very sharp, particular and punctual gentleman, a smart man and a good master, who knew what he talked about and what orders he was giving. No sooner was his voice heard than he had to have your answer. He stood about six feet high, tall and thin, with commanding ways, and owned a pair of smart horses "as handsome as paint."

Oliver says : " When the Colonel gave up his carriage I had been with him about four years. He kindly told me he had never been better served, and considered I was the most punctual man he had ever known, and he would be pleased to give me a character that would take me anywhere ; also I was never to pass his house when going through Brighton without calling on him, if I could help it.

" Then I took a job for the summer as manager in running a coach-and-four from Brighton to Reading. Eighty-one miles and a half—one day up and one down.

" The coach was named ' The Regulator.' I had the whole management and responsibility in running this coach, in keeping the horses in fit condition, and in looking after the men. This last was the worst ; altogether it was a worrying time. There was one man for each team—viz., at Brighton, at Henfield, at Horsham, Dorking, Guildford, the Queen's Hotel at Aldershot (North Camp), one at the Rose at Wokingham, and one at Reading.

" The men were stationary, but there was one team and an odd horse or two standing at each place, which, however, were constantly being changed. For instance, the horses at

Brighton went to Henfield, where they were put up ; then they ran the coach back to Brighton the next day, and so on throughout the route, the extra horses being dotted about at the above places, that, in the event of one breaking down, there was another to fall back upon, so that the coach was kept running up to time each day.

“I had to be here, there, and everywhere ; it was a ‘flying scud’ for me. We had over thirty-two horses on the road and in harness each day, counting them all ; together there were about forty horses under my care at that time.

“I had an Indian pith helmet given me, which is a grand thing to ride in during the hottest time of a Midsummer’s day.

“To give a little idea of the work : I would start out early from Merrow, and be in the saddle before four o’clock in the morning, and get along on the ridge of the Downs straight through to Denbies, and then down the hill into Dorking. It was a grand scene and panorama in the early morning light, and mounted on a plucky horse—a nearly thoroughbred mare—we could go the pace ; but I never saw her out of breath. She had great lung power, and as she reached forward at the full extent of her

speed, she would pick up the clods of turf with her forefeet and throw them over my head as I stood up in the stirrup-irons and let her go. In the sale at the end of the coaching season she fetched the biggest price of any. She went skimming over the jumps like a greyhound, and was sold at Tonkins's place at Reading, when fifty-five horses were put up at the 'hammer' on the same day.

"I had to be at Dorking early, so as to see the man at his work, and note how the horses were attended to ; then on to the next place, or anywhere else that I might be wanted.

"The master would sometimes send a telegram which would follow me from home, and be sent on from place to place till it reached me worded thus : 'Meet me at——' Perhaps this would be in quite another direction, or at the other side of the county ; so then I was off again. Generally I was riding from one stopping-place to another—somewhere on the route—every day, looking after men and horses. Another day starting for Aldershot, at the same early hour as I usually did, to look after the man's work there ; then on to Wokingham ; then back to Cranleigh (or Cranley), making the near cut through to Horsham."

Some of my readers may know what it is to keep on and on (I have experienced it myself in a slight degree) till riding becomes almost a mechanical action ; and Oliver says : “ I actually went to sleep in the saddle, and did not know that I had been through Cranleigh till the horse turned, making for Rawhook. The swerve in the saddle woke me ; the horse was at a trot and knew the way, but just for a few minutes I did not know where I was.

“ I got tough at last ; but at first, oh dear ! with the constant riding the chafing was no joke, yet one had to be off again just the same. When I arrived at Horsham, I found the man in charge of the team was helpless through drink, and the horses were not ready ; so as quickly as possible I had to turn to and get them ready, and take out the others from the coach, look after them, take them into the stable and rug them up ; there was nothing else to do, for the perspiration was running off them. I had to give the man the ‘ sack ’ and look out for another ; but fortunately, through the hotel proprietor, and by consulting him, I was able to replace the man at once, so that the horses could be properly cared for,—then off again !

“ One very hot day I rode up to the Queen’s

Hotel, North Camp, Aldershot, in the dust and heat close behind the coach, so as to be present when the horses were shifted.

“My first duty was to lift the collars, to see if there was any chafing ; the master (Mr. Parsons) introduced me to one of his friends saying : ‘This is one of the toughest, hardest men I have ever met ; he is my manager. I don’t know when he sleeps.’ Then, turning to me, he said : ‘When do you sleep?’ ‘When I get the chance, sir !’ I replied.

“Another day I was wired for to meet the coach at Guildford, as one of the wheels had gone wrong. I was always somewhere on the road, and this wire reached me at Dorking ; so, to be up to time, I had to ride hard all the twelve miles into Guildford. When I got there I felt the wheel—it was hot ; the oil did not work through. There was no time to take the wheel off or to interfere with it in any way, so I got some powdered blacklead into the cap and ran her with that ; it answered all right, for it wears smooth and shines like silver. Mr. Parsons gave me a compliment and said, ‘You’re not half awake!’ There was no delay, as while the horses were being changed I was attending to the wheel.”

Thus we see Thomas Oliver working "not with eye service . . . but in singleness of heart . . . as to the Lord"—Col. iii. 22, 23 ; and whatever his hand found to do, *doing it with his might*—see Eccles. ix. 10—not with "all thy might," as I have heard this misquoted, for it is *only God* that we are commanded to love with *all our* might—Deut. vi. 5. This latter also we are to teach diligently, to talk of in the house, by the wayside, at night and morning, just what our Lord summed up in the words, "Thou shalt love the Lord thy God with *all* thy heart, and with *all* thy soul, and with *all* thy mind. THIS IS THE FIRST AND GREAT COMMANDMENT"—Matt. xxii. 37, 38.

We read that David danced before the Lord "with all his might" when bringing the Ark with gladness into Zion, the City of David, and got despised for his action. We must not mind if we do suffer or get despised in the Lord's service. However, "the joy of the Lord" is our "strength"—Neh. viii. 10. This joy cannot be hidden ; it wells up in our hearts, and is seen in our lives, but is often misunderstood by the worldly looker-on, and by those who know not "the secret of the Lord"—Ps. xxv. 14.

Good King Josiah was an example of one “who turned to the Lord with all his heart and with *all his might*”—2 Kings xxiii. 25.

Daniel thanks and praises God for the “wisdom and might” which God has given him—Dan. ii. 23,—not his own!

No, we must—

“Cast out deadly doing down,
Down at Jesus’ feet,”*

and give praise to our God “who is mighty and despiseth not any. . . . If they obey and serve Him they shall spend their days in prosperity and their years in pleasures”—Job xxxvi. 5, 11.

“Not by might, nor by power, but by My Spirit, saith the Lord of hosts”—Zech. iv. 6.

* Proctor.

Part II

CHAPTER III

IN PUBLIC SERVICE

AS INSPECTOR OF THE GUILDFORD S.P.C.A. FROM 1883
TO 1903, AND AS FLY-PROPRIETOR AT MERROW,
NEAR GUILDFORD, 1903 TO 1906.

“Life is real ! Life is earnest !
And the grave is not its goal ;
‘Dust thou art, to dust returnest,’
Was not spoken of the soul.

* * * * *

“In the world’s broad field of battle,
In the bivouac of Life,
Be not like dumb driven cattle !
Be like heroes in the strife !

* * * * *

“Let us, then, be up and doing,
With a heart for any fate ;
Still achieving, still pursuing,
Learn to labour and to wait.”

LONGFELLOW : *A Psalm of Life*

IN PUBLIC SERVICE

“He that is slow to anger is better than the mighty ; and he that ruleth his spirit than he that taketh a city.”—PROV. xvi. 32.

“Do justly, . . . love mercy, . . . walk humbly.”
—MIC. vi. 8.

IT was decided to form a Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals, quite independent of the London Royal Society P.C.A. Mrs. Parsons was chosen to be the head of it as secretary, and Thomas Oliver was appointed as Inspector in August, 1883, when this new Society commenced its operations. Mrs. Parsons proved herself to be very efficient and capable in controlling the affairs of the society and in encouraging Inspector Oliver in his work. Let us begin with three scenes at

*Horsham Winter Cattle Fair (Brown and
Black Cattle).*

The Inspector had to interfere with a gipsy

for unmercifully whipping his horse ; he called out to him :

“Why are you whipping the horse like that ?”

The gipsy answered: “For the purpose of selling it.”

Inspector Oliver said : “The law forbids you to whip a horse in that manner, and if you repeat it, you will be dealt with as the law directs.”

He answered : “Who are you ? And what authority have you got to interfere with me ?”

Oliver replied : “I am here to prevent the unmerciful treatment of animals.”

“Are you as big a fool as you look ?”

“I don’t deal in that ; it’s not in my line. You may make a mistake if you take people by their looks.”

“Well,” he said, “your blooming eyes look through a fellow !”

“Do you know why ?”

“No.”

“Because your skin is so thin !” He looked dressed in leather, and as if nothing more than rain had touched him for years. The Inspector added : “A word by the way may help you. You look after it that you are not my fool ; I shall watch it that I am not yours.” At this

the gipsy desisted and soon decamped. Another time, at

Horsham Winter Cattle Fair,

Inspector Oliver started early, taking the first train going down to Horsham ; he went straight on to the fair ground, and stayed there the whole time till they all cleared out at night, and then back again by the last train home. On this occasion he had to come in contact with the horse "copers," or dealers, and had to interfere ; then he says : " Eight of these men—some of the roughest that are allowed to live—surrounded me, and threatened to whip *me* out of the fair if I prevented *them* from whipping their horses. Poor horses ! I folded my arms, and said :

" ' Well, gentlemen, I suppose you'll carry your threat into operation as soon as you have made your minds up. I have power invested in me to dictate to you how these horses should be treated ;' at which they did swear—their language was quite unmentionable. They said :

" ' How are we to sell our horses if we cannot whip them ? Will you show us ?'

" My answer was : ' No. I am here to see that you do what you have to do properly. Are you devils or are you men to whip a horse in

this manner? The first man that strikes that creature again will be handed over to the police, let him be man or master.'

"The poor, wretched horses were all of a shake, and trembling with their fright and rough usage, while the men were foaming at the mouth with rage. A big hostile crowd gathered round me, but it *seemed* just as if an unseen hand came down between me and them, which seemed to say: 'Thus far' but 'no further' (Luke xxii. 51; 2 Tim. iii. 9; Job xxxviii. 11). I then showed them my badge, and asked them to read it: 'See: G.S.P.C.A.—T. Oliver, Inspector.' They drew a long breath and looked at one another; the whipping ceased, and almost to a man they came up and begged my pardon before leaving the fair for the insults heaped upon me; and wherever I have met them since, I am glad to be able to say that I have had no complaint to make about their treatment of animals.

"Two years afterwards I saw one of the ringleaders of the above incident at Brighton Station; he invited me to come and see him at Shoreham, which I did, and was treated hospitably. Then he reminded me of what had occurred at Horsham, two years before. He said he had never had me out of his eye since;

he could 'see me anywhere.' 'For one man to stand alone amongst eight of the biggest ruffians that could be found, and invite them to do their worst, was a thing more than he could get over. Fear isn't in it; I shall never forget it! You've got a power I don't understand.'

"I answered: 'Do you think this is it? That I know that no shaft can hit, till God sees fit?'

"'Yes,' he said, 'that must be it.'"

On another occasion, at

Horsham Winter Cattle Fair,

"I had to interfere about the treatment of some horned cattle. It was very wet, and raining all day, with a high wind blowing—a most uncomfortable time. A drover, I do not think intentionally, goaded a bullock in the eye; poor thing, it reminded me of my early days when the pitchfork passed through my eyebrow, injuring the bone and sticking into the cheek-bone beneath my eye. The experiences we pass through should help us afterwards. The creature was frantic with the pain; the eye *had* to run itself out, it was so badly injured. It was dangerous for anyone to go near the animal, which was loose, so we got the other beasts

herded up near to him, to prevent his running about. I took the goad away from the man, who was in abject fear as to what might be 'done to him,' and his master pleaded for him too. Had I not thought that it was an accident, I would have had the man locked up straight away.

"But I told him if anything of this sort happened again, by improper use of a goad, even if it gave me a journey of forty miles, I would come and give this evidence against him. And I also said that I did 'not consider him a fit man to be allowed to use a goad of that kind at all.' Thus he had his *caution*, and it was all taken down in my notebook, in writing.

"It is an advantage to be on duty at a fair during the *whole* of the time ; for then I did not have to wait for things to be reported to me, for I was *there* on the spot and could gauge the events as they arose, and use my own evidence and judgment as to what was best to be done ; and in this case it was better for the man that *I was there*, and saw what happened and how it occurred.

"My duty was to prevent cruelty by any available means.

"On this same day, when returning by train

in the evening, the master of the drover who had goaded the poor bullock's eye out (I think a Welshman), with his brother, got into the same carriage with me in the train for Guildford. They spoke to me and said: 'Would I excuse them for speaking, for there was something about me different to anybody else they had seen?' They also said that they had noticed me 'interfering about the animals and cattle at various times during the day, very quietly, but everyone seemed to bow' to my decision, and they 'could not understand it.'

"I answered: 'Can I help you? Do you think it is this? I know that "Thou, God, seest me" (Gen. xvi. 13).

"They said, 'That's it,' and thanked me.

"Thus I must have been by His Grace a living evidence of what God can do through His servant."

At Losterford, Womersh.

"The Hon. Secretary of our Guildford Society, whom I had to see frequently in connection with the work, once very kindly asked me to partake of some refreshment. A nephew was staying in the house at the time, to whom I

was introduced, and she was anxious that he should have the opportunity of gathering an idea of the work by some practical remarks from myself. He thought that the members of this Society were carried away by their feelings with regard to what constitutes cruelty to animals. I was enjoying a beautiful piece of ham, and I said to him : ‘I view my business from a high standpoint. Have you never thought, or has it never occurred to you, when partaking of such delicious food, that the life of this creature was just as enjoyable to it as your life or mine is to us? Yet the Great Creator has thought well to place this creature in man’s hands, and it has been deprived of its life to sustain yours and mine. Do you consider that it is too much for us to open our mouths in the cause of the dumb, and such as are appointed for slaughter?’ He gave no answer, so I said : ‘I have just been arguing before the Guildford Justices ;—the defendant had said that ‘the animal did not feel the blows administered to it.’ My answer was this : ‘I dare say it has been noticed by some of the Justices in Court that if a fly settles on the hair of the animal he will shiver the skin to try and shake it off. I consider the skin of those creatures—

horses, cows, pigs, etc.—are as *sensitive to touch* as our own.’

“The nephew seemed interested with what I told him, but did not say much ; however, they kindly thanked me for my remarks, and said they thought them very practical.”

At Farnham (Annual Fair).

“I noticed some sheep were being removed from the pens for the purpose of being driven away, and I was then on duty ; some were very lame. I said to the man in charge : ‘You had best not drive those sheep, they are too lame—better to carry them.’ The man, however, persisted in doing it, so I asked : ‘How far are you going with them ?’

“‘To Great Marlow, in Buckinghamshire.’

“‘Well, I shall *have to prevent* your taking those sheep away if you do not put them back in the pens and cart them.’ I told him who I was, and procured a constable, and we followed them to Hungry Hill. There we had the lame ones taken out, and procured a man to take charge of them. We put them in a field, he undertaking to supply them with all necessaries, and to keep them till he received further instruc-

tion from the Society. We let the drover go on with the other sheep after we had taken his name and address.

“The case was reported, and the man was summoned to appear before the Farnham Bench. He appeared, and the case was heard and proved against him ; he was fined, and *not* allowed to take the sheep away, except by *conveyance*.

“The Bench kindly complimented me, and the Chairman said he had ‘noticed sheep dragging about the roads in a very lame state, and he was glad the subject had been brought before the public.’

“Of course I got called names ; my work did not please everybody. ‘What ! bringing a man all the way from Great Marlow to answer to a summons ?’ On another day, being challenged again about it by some lookers-on, my answer was : ‘I don’t fear your frowns, nor court your smiles ; do your worst, and leave me to do my duty.’

“There’s no doubt I was a terror to some of them, but it was the only means I had of keeping them from doing worse acts of cruelty, which would have happened had they been left to themselves. Truly, ‘The tender mercies of the wicked are cruel’ (Prov. xii. 10).

“It was a fine post, and I had a lively time ; but I enjoyed being a check on their evil ways, while trying to teach them better.”

Guildford Market (North Street).

“I saw some sheep going away from the market in North Street ; they were very lame, and on examining them I found they were bleeding at the foot round the quick (just above the horny-parted hoof). Some of them had the hoof dropping off, hanging only by a shred of skin, caused by foot-rot and want of attention. They had come up from the West of England by rail, and I suppose were being driven by the owner on the road, for the purpose of turning out, to await the next market-day.

“When I stopped him he was furious, and asked me if I could ‘dress a sheep’! I answered: ‘It would be easier for me to dress you.’ I reported the case, and the owner was summoned, and he had to appear before the Borough Bench. There he repeated the answer I had given him, so then I had to make it plain to the Bench how I came to give the answer I did ; I repeated his question, and said to the Bench that, not

being a butcher, I did not understand dressing sheep; had he asked me if I could dress a sheep's foot I should have been able to have said 'Yes, for I understand that. But these sheep were being driven in a very neglected condition.' He was then convicted and fined."

School Addresses.

"Every year, just before the close season for the protection of wild birds set in, I used to address the children in the schools. Canon Musgrave at Hascombe was much in favour of my coming periodically. I especially remember one day that I went to his schools, and said to the children: 'Girls and boys, I should like to say a few words to you about kindness to animals. I am the Inspector of the Guildford Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals. I suppose you are aware that it is the close season for wild birds—they are all protected against unauthorized bird-catchers and bird-killers, etc.' And I told them in simple language that they were not allowed to interfere with them during the nesting season. Just previously I had seen one boy birds'-nesting, whom I had cautioned, and I had handed him

over to his parents, with the promise of his getting correction at home.

“I expect he would have been birched if I had taken him before the Guildford Bench, but I thought his father was the right person to do this if he would.

“These lectures (at which the children were always cautioned) seemed to have the desired effect, for afterwards I did not have to prosecute any of the children for interfering with the birds.

“It was a help to the parents also, and at that time this service was a purely voluntary one on my part, and not in any way dictated by the Society.”

On the Peasmarsh.

Inspector Oliver, one Friday, met a party of gipsies going from St. Catherine's Hill on the Portsmouth Road towards Petersfield Fair, which was to be held on the following Monday.

At the railway bridge just as you come to the Guildford end of the Peasmarsh, there were two horses attached to a van; one was inclined to jib. The owner (who was also the driver) severely whipped it; then he got down from the van and beat it about the head with the butt-end

of the whip. Oliver went up and said to him :

“The law does not allow you to do that.”

At which the gipsy’s temper very much overcame him, and he said :

“Who are you, you old ——? If you interfere with me, I shall beat you the same as I have this horse.”

Oliver showed him his badge, and said : “I am an Inspector of the Guildford Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals,” and asked the man for his name, but he would not give it. Oliver says :

“I was in the act of taking down in my notebook the name on the van when he rushed at me, striking me on the cheek-bone with his fist, breaking the skin and causing the blood to run down, and at the same time knocking the book out of my hand ;—he stood on it, and dared me to get it. You may guess he *said something* ! And he used very rough language. I folded my arms and looked him in the face till he gave up the book, or, rather, allowed me to pick it up.

“But meanwhile his wife had passed on with the van while I was being held at bay ; so after they had gone, I took the name of the next van

that followed, so as to secure a witness of the altercation and assault.

"I came back to Guildford pretty well tired out. I don't know what I might have done had he struck me a second time, but I was mercifully preserved and kept by God's power from losing my temper. As soon as I reached Guildford I reported the case to our lady secretary, Mrs. Parsons. I was instructed to get the man's name, and to spare neither time nor pains in doing so.

"Then I went home, and after my dear wife's kind attentions to my face, and a good night's rest, I was as ready and fresh as usual in the morning. I got early to Guildford Station, and went off to Godalming. In walking back by road to Guildford I met the van with the man whose name I had taken. He did not expect to meet me, and looked away from me ; but I stopped him, and asked him if he knew me. He said: 'Yes.'

" 'When did you see me last ?'

"He said: 'Yesterday.'

"I said: 'Where?'

"He answered: 'On the Peasmarsh Bridge.'

"I said: 'Oh! Is this your name on the van, and is this your address ?'

“He said: ‘Yes; I would sooner have lost five pounds than have met you this morning!’

“I said: ‘Why?’

“He replied: ‘If you bring me into this job it will be a bad day’s work for me, for I am associated with them. I supply them with the food for their horses when they are in this neighbourhood. Spare me, keep me out of this case if you can.’

“I said: ‘What’s the man’s name?’

“He said: ‘——.’

“This was what I wanted to know. I replied: ‘I do not think much of you, for when you saw your friend in a difficulty you did not come to his assistance. If I need your services as a witness you will be subpœnaed.’

“After this I went to the signal-box on the line, and made further inquiries; *there* I obtained some valuable information.

“On the previous day I had noticed a man in a light suit of clothes standing on the bridge. It now appeared he was a detective from the Southampton Docks, up for the day visiting his wife’s friends. I obtained his address, and he was willing to give evidence in support of my case if necessary. He had already told his people what he had seen, and had said to them:

‘I think that man, whoever he is, could look death in the face without flinching ; he never gave up an inch of his ground.’

“I returned to Guildford and reported my success so far. This was Saturday, and my idea was that the gipsy’s van had gone on to Petersfield for the fair which was to be held there on the following Monday. My point now was to interview the offender ; so on this same day (Saturday) I placed my case at the headquarters of the county police at Guildford.

“I was at once instructed to take the train to Petersfield, with a constable in uniform, in the hope of meeting him.

“However, when we arrived at the police-station at Petersfield it was thought better to leave this man there and to take a plain-clothes constable with me instead, which was done.

“In walking round the field where the fair was to take place on the Monday, I noticed a woman on the front of a van and recognized her. She looked round the van at ‘——,’ who was at the back, and said : ‘I told you you’d have to pay for it.’

“I nudged the constable and said : ‘I think we are right ;’ and we went round to the back of the van, where we saw him and found that he

was the same man who had so unmercifully flogged and ill-used his horse.

“I said: ‘How do you do?’ He did not answer. ‘Do you know me?’ There was no reply. ‘Is this your name on the van?’ No notice was taken. ‘Is your name “——”?’ No answer. ‘I take it for granted that this is your name on the van, and that you are the owner of the horses that were drawing the van yesterday?’ No answer. ‘I shall have to draw the bow at a venture; I am going to make it straight with you. I shall ask you three times for your proper name and address; this is a plain-clothes constable, and if you refuse your name at my third request you will be handed over to the police.’

“He withheld it until the third time, then came: ‘Yes, that’s my name.’

“I said: ‘Thank you. Good-day.’

“We came back to the police-station and reported what I had been able to do; thanked the superintendent; and then came back to Guildford with the constable in uniform. I went to the magistrates’ clerk’s office and laid the complaint. A summons was taken out, and Duncan McDonald signed it. I recounted to our secretary what I had done, and then re-

turned home, very thankful that the following day was a Sunday."

At Petersfield.

"On the Monday I took the same constable with me to Petersfield, and our lady secretary, Mrs. Parsons, went also, on purpose to serve the summons. We hunted the fair over, but we found they had left about two o'clock that morning, so we could not serve it. We wired round to all the police-stations within reach a description of the man, but no one seemed to have seen him.

"About ten days after, we received a wire from Chichester, which said that he was 'before the Justices for his horses straying ; send your summons on, we will serve it.' This was done. He had to appear at the Guildford Bench to answer the charge. Mrs. '——' appeared on his behalf and pleaded to me for the case to be heard at once. I had no witnesses, not knowing he was coming, so I consulted a police-sergeant, who said : ' Well, you have a good case ; if you wish the Justices to hear it, let it be called on ;' and it was called on in due course. Mrs. '——' stepped into the prisoner's-box, and as she was

a witness she was requested to contradict any part of what I had said, if she wished to do so ; but she corroborated my evidence, poor thing, she was helping at the wheel, to get the van over the bridge, when he struck her also, and with the whip too, although she had every appearance of soon becoming a mother. I was ordered out of the witness-box and Mrs. '——' was ordered in. She was asked to give her report of what occurred, and said that she had 'nothing more to say. What the Inspector said was true.' The Chairman then said :

" 'I do not think we ought to settle this case.'

"I said : 'I think it is better to have "——" before you ; will you grant a running warrant?' and they issued one. '——' managed to evade the police till the day that he was to appear, when he came and gave himself up ; and Mrs. '——' pleaded for him, both to the secretary and myself, asking us to be as 'lenient as we could.' We were there. He was challenged with the offence, and the evidence was read out against him. He was asked to defend himself, and they wished to know if I had 'anything more to say.'

"The Chairman said to him : 'I do not think

we should do justice to this case, except you go away for a month.'

"I stepped up into the witness-box and said: 'Mr. Chairman and gentlemen,—Circumstances are in this man's favour, and the Society does not desire to send this man to gaol. What could the poor woman do with the horses and van? If you could impose a fine, the purpose of the Society would be better answered'; and I came down out of the witness-box.

"The Chairman said to '——': 'Listen; you are fortunate to have fallen into the hands of such a man as this Inspector, for, notwithstanding the treatment he has received at your hands, he is pleading for you; now you take this advice: Don't ever come before us in a case of this kind again, for no pleading then will save you from going to prison.'

"The magistrates, after conferring together, said: 'You will be fined five pounds for the cruelty to the horse, and five pounds for the assault on the Inspector in the execution of his duty.' '——' put his hands in his pocket and put the money down.

"Mrs. '——' had the courage to thank me, but he said nothing. I felt this to be a case that required careful handling."

Between the Silent Pool and Newlands Corner.

“When returning from Abinger and Holm-bury St. Mary’s, about half-way up the long stretch of hill from the Silent Pool to Newlands Corner, on that lovely open down far away from human habitation, I met two uncared-for-looking men. I often wondered why I did not get stopped and interfered with more frequently, but God kept me ; an unseen Power, no doubt, came between me and harm, and kept me in all dangers. I was not aware that they knew me ; so far as I knew, they were strangers. One said :

“Well, old fellow, how’s the game going ?”

“Oh, all right,” I replied.

“I should think you’ve got a conscience as tough as your skin.”

“I said : ‘ I don’t know about that ; perhaps it would be interesting to you to know how tough my skin is.’ With that I stripped up my sleeve and bared my left arm, and took hold of my skin between the finger and thumb of my right hand, twisting it half round. The skin on my arms is tough and loose, like white leather. ‘ Now,’ I said, ‘ if either of you were six-foot men, and you were to take hold of that piece

of skin the same as I have done, and *could walk away with it*, I would leave it with you, and make you a present of it.'

"They eyed each other, and said: 'I thought so,'—it was too much for them! I bid them 'Good-night' and walked on.

"If I had shown the white feather at any time, I could never have done my work; but knowing God was with me, I never used to feel fear or see danger beforehand. My dear wife used to say: 'I wonder you are not afraid to be about as you are.' My answer was: 'My dear, don't *you* try to intimidate me, there's plenty more that do that; but I know that 'no shaft shall hit, till God sees fit,' and if you hear of my being pitched from my bike, I shall have gone to glory. It will be gain for me, never fear.'"

Epsom Road Incident.

"I was called out one night, just on eleven o'clock, and in a dark part of the road where the trees almost meet overhead I met three men, and could just see the outline of their heads against the sky. The tallest stepped out and asked me the time. I answered: 'It is the same time as it was yesterday about this

time,' and called him by name. Although I could not see him, I had recognized his voice, and 'that done him'; he gave a grunt and went on. Afterwards, when we met by daylight, for a long time he did not appear to know me; I suppose his conscience would not let him. Now, after ten years, he just manages to say 'Good-morning' when we meet."

Newlands Corner.

"On another occasion, near the lane on the south side of Newlands Corner, I came upon two men flogging a horse in a most brutal manner. They had got him tethered up and were running him round, beating him for all they were worth. I came up as quickly as I could, and called out: 'What are you doing?'

"They appeared to know me, and stopped at the sound of my voice from beating the poor thing. They said: 'He's a "jibber."'

"I said: 'You don't wonder at it, do you? Suppose you were served like that, don't you think you would jib?'

"The horse was untied from the tether and brought on towards Guildford. I followed it up, but the horse being very thin he did not

weal very much—the bones had to put up with the ill-usage. Bruised bones, however painful, do not show much damage outwardly. I had no witness except the horse. I watched on purpose to see if this was so, and as soon as they got to Guildford I asked a constable to examine the horse with me. But as there was not sufficient external evidence to enable me to take them before the Justices for this flogging, I *had* to let them go.

“They cleared out as quickly as possible, and soon gave Guildford room ; their language had been very rough, which was not an unusual thing. I often thought of Lot’s ‘righteous soul, from day to day’ being ‘vexed with the filthy conversation of the wicked’ (2 Pet. ii. 7, 8). This I had so often to put up with.

“It seemed to surprise them that I was enabled to pass it over and appear not to notice what they said, and they would say one to another: ‘What’s the old geezer done with his temper?’ and I would reply: ‘I’ve left it at home ; it seems you’ve got yours with you!’ And they would swear till they foamed at the mouth.

“In fact, I was a wonder to myself, for I had naturally a quick, hot temper, and I could

hardly believe that a man could be so tempered down as not to be put out ; but God made me to be a man in possession of himself. ‘ In your patience possess ye your souls ’ (Luke xxi. 19) was a command Jesus gave, and when He commands He also gives the enabling power.”

At Monksgate, near Henfield.

“ Between Horsham and Brighton I had to investigate a reported case of cruelty, so I went on my convertible tandem tricycle, which the Committee had now, after three years, kindly given to help me in the work, in company with a police-sergeant, he using the back-seat ; and we pedalled straight away to Horsham, and then took the opportunity of overlooking the slaughter books there, as this was always my duty when opportunity occurred ; then on to Monksgate. Here we found the mule I was looking for. It was not so badly wrung as I had been led to expect from the report.

“ Mules do not wring easily, being uninclined to exert themselves. From thence we went back again to Ewhurst, the hill above Cranleigh, through Shere, to Newlands Corner, and in coming up this long hill my companion almost

gave out, and said he thought it would be quite the last journey that he would have with me ; he did not get over the effects of it for a week !”

Road Experience, Hindhead.

“I was on my ‘convertible’ as a single tri-cycle, overlooking the Haslemere district, and got up to Hindhead. In coming down the long Punchbowl Hill on the Portsmouth Road I found my brake give out, caused by a nut jerking itself off the top of the brake-rod. The pace was too quick for me to be able to catch the pedals with my feet, so I had to make the best of it, and hold fast and sit tight. It is about a three-mile hill, and it was a wonder that I did not turn over or meet anything on the road ; I had to duck my head down to get my breath properly, and so got to Thursley sooner than I had expected, very thankful to have come through this experience safely. Afterwards I had a hole drilled through the rod, with a pin fixed above the nut, so that if it were to work round again, by the movement of the machine, yet the nut would be unable to fly off. I think a different kind of brake is used now.

“Knowing the habits of animals, I have not

found much difficulty in passing by them on the roads ; for instance, with sheep, go slowly till one of the flock turns away, then they will either all turn or stand still ; then all one has to do is to keep clear in driving by them."

Russian Horse Sales.

Although the London Royal Society was at work, yet the Secretary (Mrs. Parsons) of the Guildford Association—quite a separate one—used to receive applications for Inspector Oliver to overlook the Russian horse and pony sales in London ; so he went up to town to attend them when he could be spared.

He says : " I went early, so as to be on the spot before the sale commenced, and at once forbade the use of their heavy leather-thonged whips, made of a strip of raw hide, knotted at the end, and attached to a handle about two feet long. I also cautioned those who had flexible steel-lined whips, and forbade their use.

"The auctioneers gave me leave to go all over the horse-runs ; so when I was there, instead of using their whips, they tied pieces of glazed pink lining on to sticks, and flapped them about over the horses, and knocked their

whips against the panelled wooden sides to make a noise, and nearly frightened the horses out of their wits.

“As soon as they started a horse down the run to the hammer, they would holloa out, ‘Whips off!’ and use this means instead.

“They were about the roughest lot you could come across at that time—Irish, Russians, English, French, and gipsies of all kinds, ‘a motley pack,’ and ‘I, even I only am left’ (1 Kings xix. 10), as God’s servant amongst them, with all eyes on me and vile language being used around! It was a rough job.”

Guildford Cattle Market (North Street).

One Tuesday, when the market was held in North Street, a drover goaded some cattle unmercifully; blood was dripping on to the cobble-stone paving. Inspector Oliver challenged him to give up the goad, but he would not do so. He was summoned for having used it in this manner. The case was dealt with before the Borough Bench, and in describing the goad to the magistrates Inspector Oliver said: “It was a thing like a pointed bradawl, from half an inch to an inch long, fixed at the

end of a stick." The defendant pleaded "Not guilty," and he was invited to contradict the Inspector's evidence. He said: "It was not a bradawl; it was a pointed screw"! Again he was asked if he had anything further to say. "No, gentlemens, no good saying nothing to he; he's hardened in it." They informed him that he would have to pay a fine of £1, and the Inspector thanked him for the "compliment."

Guildford Market (Calves' Shelter).

The Society was anxious to find out what had become of the calves' shelter; it had been given by the Market Committee, but was now missing. On a snowy Tuesday the poor little calves were standing out in the cold shivering, without any shelter or protection over them. Inspector Oliver says: "I got the vet to examine them, who pronounced it an act of cruelty to take them out of their warm stalls and stand them there without any shelter."

"Some of the magistrates were on the Market Committee. We summoned the auctioneer who had charge of the calves, as being responsible for their comfort. The case was heard before the Borough Bench, and we soon found out

what had become of the old shelter, which was immediately replaced by a new one. The auctioneer came to me previously, and said : 'Inspector, is this case against me? Shall I have to employ counsel?'

"I said : 'No, don't be silly ; we had to summon someone. Just appear and answer any question that may be put to you.'

"When before the Bench he said : 'I don't know where the calf-shelter has gone ; it was very useful. We should be glad to have it back.' Then he stood there like a dummy. This was all we wanted, someone to answer the question. He has often laughed with me about it since, and the quiet way in which it was done."

People are no good in this work unless they can keep their own counsel—"eyes open, mouth shut, and hands moving, that's the way to success," as "Yorky" told Oliver years ago.

Ewhurst.

From the Lost Cats' Home at Battersea twelve cats were purchased at 2s. 6d. each for "use in farm-buildings"; they were consigned to Cranleigh Station, and from thence to Ewhurst.

These poor creatures were put into a room one at a time on purpose for fox-terriers to worry them and break their bones ; then they were thrown outside to drag their poor bodies about the best way they could. The Inspector says : " I heard of this, and went over to Ewhurst with the police ; and took one of the dead cats, with its legs broken and other signs of ill-usage. It had been picked up and was handed over to me. I wrapped it up in a piece of canvas, and waited with the police-sergeant until the gentleman (who was out) came home. I asked him if it was true that he had 'received a consignment of cats from the Lost Cats' Home.' He said : 'Yes, I paid 2s. 6d. each for them.'

" 'For what purpose did you require them ?'

" 'To run over farm-buildings.'

" I asked to see these buildings, but he had none.

" 'How many cats have you now ?'

'He said : 'Nine.'

" 'Where are the other three ?'

" 'He did not know.

" 'Then you can't give me any idea where they are ?'

" No further information was forthcoming. Then I had to search for it. From the Railway

Company I received particulars as to where the consignment had come from and where it went to. Having procured all the information I could, I reported my case to Mrs. Parsons, the Secretary. She said: 'Issue a summons;' and he had to come to the County Bench. Although he employed 'Queen's Counsel,' the case was too flagrant. He had to plead 'Guilty,' and only escaped a month's gaol by being taken ill in the hall and falling down in a fit; and he was driven home in a 'fly,' having arrived in a tandem—a splendid 'turn-out.' He was fined heavily. Previously he had offered a large sum to the Society if they would stop the case; but, of course, that could not be done. 'The law must take its course.'

Emmett's Mill.

"While doing my rounds in the Chobham direction I received a hint that there was a horse turned out which was thought to be in pain; consequently I went in that direction, taking a constable with me. At Chobham Park, Chertsey, we went into a field and examined a horse which had been neglected; it was a well-bred one, but it had only three feet! The other foot, bone

and hoof, had been eaten off by disease, and all had gone, and were never found; the poor creature was walking about on the bone of the leg, the long pastern, to obtain food. Where it had stood the synovia, or joint-oil, had escaped, and had turned the grass yellowy white, so that you could trace the patches or spots in the field where it had been standing when trying to feed itself.

“We went to the owner’s house; he was away for the day, so we waited till 10 p.m., and on his return reported to him what we had seen. In answer to our inquiry, he could not say when he had seen the horse last.

“I said: ‘Did you know the foot was off?’

“No answer.

“I said: ‘I consider the horse is in a state of pain every moment he lives, to say nothing about his having to search for food.’

“‘Oh,’ he said, ‘I’ll see to it.’

“Two days later I went over to see how the horse was, and what had been done. I found it had lain down and died, possibly from lockjaw and exhaustion, and that the body had been taken away. I traced the cart by following the wheel-marks out of the field to the Woking Station. I found the carcass there; it was consigned to



Jessy L. Mylne, pinxit.

Photo by W. R. Talbot.

ALBERT NAPPER, ESQ., M.R.C.S.

Elected Hon. Associate of the Order of St. John of Jerusalem, 1869; promoted, 1889; died, November, 1894.

Hon. Sec. of the G.S.P.C.A., and founder of the Cottage Hospital Movement.

Wandsworth for cats'-meat. I told the station-master my business, and that I wanted to see an animal for the purpose of identification. He demurred. I said: 'If you do not allow me to see it you will be liable for aiding and abetting, and for preventing the ends of justice.' On hearing this he allowed me to see it. I took my favourite sharp knife out of my pocket and took the limb off at the knee, and noticed that there was no mark of slaughter on the head. A summons was issued on the strength of my report, and the case was brought before the Chertsey Bench; and the man had to show cause why the creature had been so neglected. Albert Napper, Esq., our Honorary Secretary, was present at the hearing of the case. I brought a perfect set of bones for comparison with those of the leg where the foot was gone, so as to show the exact difference between the two. The solicitor defending reported me to the Society for my conduct in prosecuting this case before the Justices, but the defendant was convicted. The public said sometimes: 'It's no use what you say to him, he's bound to pinch you!'

"Afterwards I had to go before the Committee in consequence of this solicitor's report.

The Committee met, and had read the letter complaining of my conduct, and had talked the matter over. They very kindly awarded me three shillings a week extra salary for perseverance in the execution of my duties, and wished me all success in the work. This was a great encouragement to me, and I was very grateful."

Somersbury, near Ewhurst.

"Here I found twelve head of stock hobbled very improperly in different ways. I called on the owner, who was out. It was an isolated place, and in Winter—I had to wait about in the cold till he came back, and I procured a constable to be with me, who told me that he was a 'rough one,' and he had had dealings with him before; so I said: 'Mind, we do not leave each other.' The policeman said: 'You'll have to be spokesman.' When the owner returned in the evening I told him my business, and asked who put the hobbles on. He said he did, 'as a means of keeping the cattle in the fields owing to the bad hedges.' I said: 'They must be taken off as quickly as possible, and that before we leave the premises. Have you got help, or can we assist you?'

“ We went to the field, and on removing the hobbles, the skin and flesh came off, they were so embedded, exposing the bones and muscles. In those that were hobbled from the front pastern to the horn, the skull bones were exposed in the same way. The poor creatures cried and plunged about when we removed them. It was the most cruel case imaginable, and where a hobble had been broken, he had been wicked enough to put another one on the top of it; and they were made of stiff, hard, tarred cords; they had to be pulled off by main force—it was sickening. I said to the policeman: ‘ Is it true that you have been walking about here, and seen this and said nothing ? I don’t want to blame anyone, but somebody is to blame.’ The truth was that the owner of these poor creatures was a big bully, and intimidated everyone.

“ The policeman was surprised at what we had been able to do, and said: ‘ It is a curious thing that ever a man like that could be tamed down in front of you ; I couldn’t have believed it if I had not seen it.’

“ If mine is a just cause, I am not one to give up, and have proved to the hilt over and over again that ‘ my times are in His hands ’

(Ps. xxxi. 15; see also verse 20). A man said to me one evening: 'What will it take to turn you out of the way?' My answer was: 'More than you are worth; good-night.'

"I was instructed to summons. The case came before the Guildford County Bench.

"Mine was a familiar face there, and the reporters used to ask me privately what I had on hand.

"It was grand work, and so justifiable to me; no man could have enjoyed his duties more than I did.

"I neither asked for, nor did I require, any holidays; but kept right on, year in year out.

"At the Court I produced the hobbles, and that pretty well settled the case; he was heavily fined, and we never had any trouble with him again.

"I do not know how to thank God enough when I think it over, for God has so blessed me and granted me the courage to prosecute my mission, in spite of every opposition hurled against me. No, I shall never be grateful enough or thankful enough, and whenever it is my happy lot to enter where 'the wicked cease from troubling; and . . . the weary be at rest' (Job iii. 17), then I shall be able to sing the

‘New Song’ which is the blessed privilege of the redeemed ones, the song the angels are not able to sing” (Rev. v. 9, and xiv. 3).

White Rose Lane.

“When I was walking on my rounds in the Woking district, in looking across a meadow, as far away as I could conveniently see, in the distance, I noticed a horse hobble towards a tree, and apparently lean all his weight against it; *this* attracted my attention, and I thought *how unusual*; there must be a cause for it!

“The horse being on private ground, and no policeman being with me, I was unable to trespass for the purpose of an examination.

“I waited patiently till I saw a man come into the main road and across the field, past the horse, and when he came up to me I said: ‘Is that an authorized public footway where you have just come along?’ He said: ‘No, but we all use it to get to the farm, where I work daily.’ I said: ‘Did you notice a horse turned out up there?’

“‘Yes, it’s been out there ever so long.’ I said: ‘Do you know what is the matter with it?’ He answered: ‘It has a greasy heel.’

“‘Do you know who it belongs to?’

“‘Yes ; to Mr. “——,” of Pyrford.’ I said : ‘Do you think there would be any harm in my going to look at the horse?’ and genially enough he replied : ‘Oh no ; go up and have a look at it, Mister.’ I said : ‘I do not know you ; what might your name be?’ ‘My name is Samuel Vinvine.’ He went home to his dinner, and I went on to look at the horse. I found it was a splendid mare, with one forefoot much neglected and diseased. Not knowing that I was being observed, I went for the nearest constable, and asked him if he had ‘noticed the horse which was turned out in the field.’ He said : ‘Yes, ever so many times.’ I said : ‘Would you accompany me ? I want to make a thorough examination of that horse’s leg ; there is something very wrong about it.’ So we went and called on the farm foreman at his cottage, and asked for permission to examine this horse’s leg and foot. He was very offhand in his manner : ‘What do you want to examine the horse’s foot for ? I see’d you go up there just now, looking at it. Couldn’t people turn their horses out to grass to get better?’ I said : ‘Is the horse getting better ? I appeal to you on behalf of the Society that I be allowed to

examine this horse's foot. How long do you think the horse has been turned out there?' 'Oh, I don't know; possibly four or five months.' 'Does the owner know that the horse is turned out?' 'Yes, of course he does; it's turned out by his orders.' 'Is it under veterinary treatment?' 'Vets can't cure greasy-heeled horses!' I said: 'Sir, will you kindly accompany us or depute some person to come with us to watch what I do, so that everything is fair and aboveboard.' 'Oh,' he said, 'I'd better go, I suppose;' and with that we went. I examined the foot; the hoof measured seven inches from the hair (at the top of the coffin-bone) to the point of the toe! The ground was hard and frosty, with snow on it. When the poor creature moved about to get food the blood and pus ran down the hoof from a wound on the top of the coffin-bone, disease gradually destroying the foot. The sole being clean gone, the *internal tissues of the foot* were washed white with the snow! (And people tell me there is no cruelty! How could anyone dare to allow such a thing as this?) I said: 'I must request you, as you are in charge, on the owner's behalf, to carry this creature to some place of comfort; it is in a state of pain every minute it

lives, and *must not be allowed to walk to obtain food.*' He said: 'I have got no means of carrying it.' 'Then you must get means, or you *must* put up an awning over the creature, and it must be fed with food convenient for it to prevent its walking, and other comforts supplied. If you choose to get a veterinary surgeon's examination, you can do so; I consider it a case for slaughter.' I also added: 'We shall keep an eye on this animal, and we shall know what is being done.' After taking down his name and address in my notebook, we wished him 'Good-day.'

"The policeman had another engagement, or he would have come on with me through the falling snow to Pyrford. There I saw the owner; he was as much 'at sea' as his foreman. I asked him, 'How long has the horse been turned out?' and 'When did you see it last?' He answered: 'It might have been a week ago,' but he was quite indefinite. I said: 'Do you think the horse is getting better?' He said he hadn't examined it closely. I said: 'I think the horse is very much neglected; it looks to me to be a case for slaughter as soon as possible,' but he would not hear of this. I said: 'Is it true that you have had no

veterinary advice for the horse?' He said : 'Yes.' I said : 'I will repeat the instructions I have given to your foreman,' which I did, and he said he would attend to it.

"And then I had a long weary walk home through the snow, badly wringing my heels. I suppose I had walked in and out at least twenty miles that day—it was a tough one.

"About three days later I heard that nothing had been done, so I reported this, and was instructed to send a veterinary surgeon on our Society's behalf to examine the horse. His report was that the creature had been incurable for five months past. I was then instructed to summon, and the owner had to come to Guildford to attend the Court.

"When the case was brought up for trial, the lawyer they employed asked why I had given instructions for the horse 'not to be allowed to walk,' and tried to make out that I was exceeding my duties as Inspector. My answer was that my instructions were 'not to be allowed to walk to obtain food, as it was suffering pain.'

"Counsel said he could produce a witness—which, however, he did not do—who would 'swear that the horse ran about when they were securing it.'

“I said : ‘Yes, but only as a struggle for life. I expect the horse smelt death in the slaughterman’s clothes ; it ought to have been secured so as not to have had that opportunity.’

“We found that the horse had been slaughtered, when they heard of our vet’s verdict ; but it made no difference to the case, except in substantiating it. The owner was fined five pounds. I was complimented by Mr. Napper and others on bringing this case to an issue.”

Backside Common, Wood Street.

“I was informed that, in the course of ‘branding,’ some horned stock had been badly burned, and I went to investigate :—I found it was true that about seven head of cattle on the Backside Common were burnt on their haunches, and the wounds were in a state of suppuration.

“I reported the case, and was instructed to summon.

“This case came before the County Court Justices. Counsel was employed against me, and he argued that it was a national thing to brand cattle for the purpose of identification.

He said it was done in Wales and in other parts of the country, and asked if I had 'ever been to Wales.' I said: 'Which Wales do you mean—North, South, or New South? for I knew both North and South Wales.' He asked: 'Have you ever seen cattle branded in the same way?' I said: 'No; that's been done three weeks;—I examined the cattle yesterday, and the marks are still in a state of suppuration. I think it a very merciless proceeding.' He asked: 'Did you see it done?' I said: 'No; I have a witness who is prepared to swear that he heard the cattle cry nearly half a mile away, while the burning process was going on.' He said: 'Does the Society which you represent have you operated on in the same way as you represent the cattle were, to make you a competent judge as to what cruelty would be by burning?' To this I replied: 'I refuse to answer, as I think your question does not bear on the case.' Then I turned to the Chairman, saying: 'I must decline to answer unless the Bench rule.' Then the Chairman replied, 'You had better answer,' so I said: 'Gentlemen, if the iron which lies there on the table, with which these cattle were burnt, was to be made red hot, and you were so fixed that you

could not get away, and the red-hot iron was left to burn into your flesh about a quarter of an inch, would you have had any difficulty in saying it was painful ?’

“ With that Counsel sat down ; that was all he had to ask, and my answer was a finisher for him.

“ Then my turn came to address the Bench on behalf of the Society : ‘ Mr. Chairman, gentlemen,—The purpose of this Society is to try and prevent every unnecessary act of cruelty. There are the horns and the hoofs, which could have been operated on, if properly done, by the same method which is used on our military horses and gives an identification mark for about three years ; thus the pain would have been prevented.’ I then stepped out of the witness-box, and left the case for the Bench to administer the law ; my duty was always to prove my case.

“ The Chairman afterwards kindly complimented me on the way I was able to leave the case to them, ‘ shutting my own feelings out of it altogether.’

“ It is necessary to keep possession of oneself by leaving ‘ self ’ out. When I went to take my oath, it seemed to be my greatest

safety to look up, and to ask Providence to enable me to deal with 'the truth, and nothing but the truth.' I always prayed—and I don't think I ever missed—that I might be preserved from bearing false witness—thus: 'Now, Lord, speak through me, and speak by me, and suffer me not to say anything that is not strictly true.' ”

In Guildford Market.

“I was occupied in the market one Tuesday ; something had happened which had to be recorded, and I was standing taking down some notes when I heard a very gentle voice from behind me use these words: ‘Be merciful after your power.’ Mine were important notes, and I could not take my eyes off my pocket-book. I met the dear old gentleman afterwards, who apologized for interfering with me when in the execution of my duty, and added: ‘I have been watching you for some time ; I notice three things specially marked in you. You appear to be as “wise as a serpent,” “harmless as a dove,” and when your foot is put down, you can be as “bold as a lion ;” nothing moves it—yes, nothing moves it.’ Dear old man ! he lived to a grand old age. I feel pain sometimes

in having to part with these dear people such as he was, a thoroughly practical man with no 'put on' about him. It must have been a trying time for him, he was so real, when I had to punish his eldest son for cruelty to a horse. At the time, his son was Vice-President to the Board of Guardians, and yet was guilty of causing horses to be worked in a very unfit state. I had cautioned him more than once, and given him every chance of seeing to it ; but I was obliged to bring him to book. He had one of the best examples in his father that a man could have, but he did not follow him.

"On coming out of Court, this son stopped me and said that I might have withheld some of the evidence. I asked : 'Did I tell an untruth ?' He said : 'No, I don't say you did, but you might have left some of it out.' I said : 'I told the whole truth connected with this present case ; if I had put in what had previously passed between us, I think you would have gone to Bates's Farm (prison) instead of being fined.' There was a doctor standing near who sympathized with him, taking his part ; so I turned to him and asked him if he had forgotten '*the two whips*' ! That was enough ; he made off in a hurry. I had that incident in

store for him if anything of the sort happened again ; but I never heard of his using two whips afterwards. The one, a light one, was for use in public, and the other, a heavy one, for use when out in unfrequented places ; but I happened to come on him, and saw him use it—and of course stopped him.

“ If I dropped in unexpectedly at a wayside house or cottage, and the inmates asked me, as they did sometimes, ‘ Where have you been ? ’ I would answer : ‘ Do you consider that a fair question ? Well ! if you must have an answer, I have been following my nose.’ ”

At Wyke (near Ash).

“ A complaint having been made to the Society about the treatment of a horse at a gipsy encampment at Wyke, I was sent for to investigate the matter. I started early one morning and I found the encampment. It consisted of some twenty vans. When I entered the field I was met by four men and three or four dogs. My first request was to see the proprietor, the camp being on enclosed ground. They answered : ‘ He’s gone to Aldershot. What is your business with him ? ’

He will not be back yet awhile ;' so I said I must wait. 'Were either of you men here yesterday?' They said: 'Yes, we were all here.' I said: 'Were you here at a certain time yesterday?' 'Yes.' I said: 'Is the black horse here that was being roughly used or ill-treated yesterday about that time?' They said: 'Who are you?' I answered: 'I am Inspector of the Guildford Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals.' One called out: 'Are you Mr. Oliver?' I replied: 'Yes.' Then he said: 'We cannot go any further or give you any information till the holder of the ground comes back.' So I waited, keeping a sharp look-out all the time."

It was an exercise of patience. Oliver generally took biscuits with him in his pocket, for had he left the field now he would probably have missed meeting with the man. Towards evening the man returned. Oliver asked his name. He gave it and inquired his business. Oliver told him, and asked: 'How many black horses have you?' 'Only one black one; there were several horses with that one yesterday.' 'Yes; what were you doing with it?' 'It was trying to help another out of the field with a van, but it jibbed.' 'Oh! who were the men that used

the whip to him ?' He said : ' I was one.' ' Now,' I said, ' I want to examine the horses.' He said : ' Very well.' So I went and looked the horse well over, and while I was doing this I heard one of them say : ' The old —— knows where to look, don't ee !' I took out my notebook and made up my report in writing.

' I said : ' Well, I am very glad it is no worse. Is this the same whip that you are holding ? Is it the one you used yesterday ?' He said : ' Yes.' ' Now I am here, I should like to see all the horses.' ' Very well ;' so I went round and had a look at them, and they were all in fair condition, with no visible signs of ill-treatment on them.

" I came back to the gate of the field, and said : ' How many men are there here, counting all of you ?' ' Seven or eight.' ' Now I should like those men to come near enough to me to hear what I am going to say.' He answered : ' Will this mean a summoning job ?' ' I do not know, nor do I promise you anything ; my report will go to headquarters, and I shall get instructions from there.' The men came up, and I simply said : ' Gentlemen, it may be fortunate for you that I find matters no worse, but this ill-treatment was reported to the Society

by an eyewitness. If you should hear no more from the Society about this, remember, you will all have been cautioned ; if anything of this kind goes on again, this report will be used against you. Now, if you should not be summoned, don't forget that you will be watched ;' and I turned to go. They bade me good-bye, and told me that they 'considered that I was a gentleman. You don't go about to make cases.' I said : 'No ; that's not my business—my business is to prevent cruelty.' I never had any further complaints from that quarter.

"About three weeks after, I saw the clergyman who had sent the report to the Society, and he asked me if I knew what I was doing. I replied : 'I am trying to do my duty, sir.' He said : 'Yes, and I may tell you this. I think you are doing it in a very effectual manner—you are actually humanizing the human being, for I have had no more trouble with those gipsies or seen anything of the like conduct since. I don't think you are aware of the power you hold.' That was rather nice hearing, and I said : 'I should be pleased to do anything in my power to prevent cruelty, sir.' He kindly invited me to call any time I was that way.

“Probably if the gipsies had known from whom the report emanated he’d have had a rough time of it, and might have been burnt out—heath fires are very common in this part of Surrey.

“During all the time I was at work for the Society, not one of the informants complained that I had misplaced or abused the confidences which they had given me. The accused naturally give all the trouble they can, and what can one man do amongst seven or eight, except his God is with him, and all around him, and the law is at the back of him? The law is intended for the lawless—not for the law-abiding.”

At Haslemere.

Just to show the variety of annoyances to which Inspector Oliver was subject, he received a report by letter that an otter was tied up in a yard at Haslemere with a broken leg, and would he “please go and investigate the matter.”

“It was an anonymous letter,” he says, “so I had my suspicions about it—we were not supposed to act on anonymous letters. I refrained from going for two or three days, but my duties calling me into the neighbour-

hood, without saying a word or making inquiries of anyone, I looked into the hotel yard, and there I saw the 'otter' still tied up—it was a large iron porridge-pot with three legs and a portion of another. I came away laughing to myself and quite satisfied. Afterwards, not knowing I had been there, I was questioned by an individual for my neglect in not attending to an anonymous letter—(so then I knew who had written it), and he seemed quite indignant that I had 'not been to see it, and that a thing with its leg broken should be allowed to remain so long uncared for!' I informed him I had seen the porridge-pot when I happened to be over there. It was a good joke, but the laugh was not on his side. He thought I was pretty artful, but I needed to have my wits about me, for I had artful people to deal with."

At Godalming (Old Station).

"Just as I arrived and got out of the train someone (a corn-chandler) spoke to me, and said : 'Good-day ; you are still on your mission of mercy!' 'Yes,' I answered ; but I did not know that he knew me. He remarked : 'You've heard of heaven, haven't you?' I

said : ‘Yes, I have, and I make no doubt I will be there some day.’ He said : ‘If there is a heaven for horses—and we don’t know that there isn’t one—if you were to just look inside the door, I believe they would sing your praises at the top of their voices, for I never knew a man do a fairer fight over the horses than you do. I have been reading some of the prosecutions that you have been engaged in lately.’ And as he got in the train, he said : ‘Good-day ; God speed you.’

“He was a Christian, no doubt, and I felt it very encouraging, all the more so because there was so much of the opposite with which to contend.”

On the Hog’s Back.

“I saw a chestnut horse coming towards me in a broom-dasher’s cart, on the same long straight road at the top of the ridge which I knew so well, and where we had been exposed to that terrific thunderstorm when I was driving the Rev. Dr. Hatchard’s people from Farnham in former days. I noticed where the road had been fresh flinted the horse walked off on to the greensward by the roadside ; he did this of his own accord, so I said to myself there is a cause

for this. I stopped the man in charge, and said : 'What is the matter with your horse ?' 'Nothing as I knows on.' I said : 'What made him go off the road on to the turf when he came to the rough flints ?' 'I don't know.' So I said : 'Let me have a look at him ?' and I picked up the near forefoot and found that that one was all right ; then I picked up the 'off-fore,' and there I found the secret of his action :—he had a badly dropped sole and a seedy toe. I said to the man : 'You looked at the near forefoot with me ; now, as you look at this one, do you see any difference ?' 'This foot seems flatter-like than the other, don't it, Mister ?' I said : 'Yes, it does' ; then I took out my knife. With that the fellow looked scared. 'You mustn't cut un.' 'Oh no,' I said ; 'I want to show you what is the matter with him' ; and with the handle of my knife I tapped round the toe on the wall of the hoof. 'Don't you notice it sounds hollow ? I'll rap the other one, and you will note the sound ; this is a seedy toe, and a badly dropped sole.' He said : 'I do notice a difference.' I asked : 'Is that your name on the cart ?' 'No, that's my master's name.' 'Did your master send you out with the horse ?' 'Yes.' 'Have you a heavy load to take ?'

‘No ; I’m going back pretty near empty from Guildford.’ I asked : ‘Do you know me?’ ‘No.’ ‘Can you read?’ ‘A little.’ With that I showed him my badge and explained to him what it meant, and I also said : ‘I think I know your master. You tell him who you’ve seen, and what I’ve said to you, and what I say is the matter with the horse ; he is to have a proper shoe made, with a leather to protect the sole. The navicular bone has come down, and the sole is cracked ; and the horse must not be worked on the road again, except that has been done, or he has a vet’s advice about it.’

“Afterwards I saw the owner ; he said he was very much obliged to me indeed for the message I had sent home by the man. ‘He’s a rare good horse, will pull anything ; but since I have had him shod as you directed, he goes lovely ; you wouldn’t know that there was anything the matter with him.’ I believe what he said was perfectly true.”

Broad Street Common.

“As I was passing I saw a fine, big, brown cart-mare turned out on Broad Street Common. She appeared to be uncomfortable in one of her

forefeet, with a greasy heel. I went and examined her.

"The public have an idea that if animals are 'turned out' they can either get better or worse, without any further attention, but they have done their part by turning the creatures out to fend for themselves, no matter what happens, or how much neglected they are,—and they are left to suffer.

"When on my rounds I always paid special attention and spent much time in looking after them. Some would say: 'Surely we can turn our animals out to get better; they are not at work.' 'Yes, but all the same they are often getting worse from want of attention when they are 'turned out;'' I usually said in answer; 'come and see for yourself.'

"Well, in this case I had first to find the owner of the horse. Oh, the miles I have had to walk to do this! No one will own them if they can help it. At last I believed I had found the person to whom this one belonged. I called and asked if he had 'a mare turned out on the common.' And when I described the cart-horse to him, he said, 'Yes.' I asked, 'What is the matter with her?' 'Oh, nothing much, a bit of a greasy heel.' 'When did you

see her last?' 'Oh, I've seen her most days ; I've turned her out to get better.' I said, 'Have you examined her foot?' and I also said: 'Don't you think she has canker? Would you be surprised if her foot were to walk away from her one of these days? I think it's alive!' 'Well,' he said, 'ain't t'others alive, then?' 'Yes, but this one is too much alive ; if it's not alive with maggots, then I've made a mistake. Have you got a drop of paraffin oil? and will you come along with me and let us go and examine her?' So off we went. When we got to her I picked up the foot, and he poured in the paraffin oil under my instructions, and the maggots came out as quickly as possible, looking as fat as could be! They were about an inch long and half as thick as my little finger. The man swore at the sight, and said: 'Who'd have thought it!' I said: 'This is a matter of neglect; I shall have to report it!' Will you undertake to attend to it? I shall come this way and be seeing her again in a day or two, all being well.' He asked, 'What can be done to keep the flies away?' so I answered: 'Stockholm tar or disinfectant fluids,' and I also added: 'If you do not hear from the Society, you must consider you have been cautioned.'

He replied : 'I'll look after that ; I want to breed from her.' I bid him good-day, and had no more trouble with him afterwards ; for he had evidently made up a mixture of his own, and I noticed that the foot was being attended to when I went to see her again a little while after."

At Shere.

"When on the Dorking road at Shere, after starting out from Merrow and passing over Newlands Corner, I saw in front of me a heavily-laden, tilted van, which I was overtaking. I noticed that the horse went lame on the 'off-side.' When I came up to it I said to the man : 'What is the matter with your horse, master?' He did 'not know as anything' was 'the matter with it' ! I said : 'He's very polite then, for he nods to everybody ; he's lame on the off-fore.' 'How did you know? You couldn't see him from behind !' I said : 'Oh, couldn't I? He's got a favourite foot, look. He's holding it up ; I dare say he would like me to look at it, and I should like to look at it too. Do you know who I am ?' He said : 'Yes, you're the cruelty man.' 'Have you felt

his foot to see if it's hot or not?' He said : 'No.' Then I said : 'You ought to have done so.' I felt his foot and it was very hot. I said, 'What's your name?' and I took it down in my book. 'Does your master know you are working it?' 'He never see'd me start.' 'Did you tell your master that the horse was lame?' He said : 'No.' 'Where are you going?' 'I'm going to Netley Mill.' 'Is this your master's name on the van?' 'Yes.' 'How far is it to Netley Mill?' 'Oh, I should think three-quarters of a mile t'other side of Shere Church ; you knows the place.'

"It is an old stone mill, which is a very favourite sketching-place with artists. I said : 'Are you sure you are not going any further ? I will allow you to go there and then take your horse home, and tell your master you have seen me and that the horse must not be worked on the road again except under a veterinary surgeon's certificate. I will endeavour to see your master later on to-day ; be sure and tell him what I say.'

"I went on towards Leith Hill, hunting for sheep affected by flies. In hot and showery weather, when the wool gets damp, then the

fly is more worrying than at other times. From there to—

Abinger Common.

“While hunting for the sheep I found two afflicted ones belonging to a gentleman—a noted football-player. It took me some time to find the owner, for it is a large forest area, and easy enough to lose yourself in! I had the sheep properly dressed and attended to, and also threatened the owner, telling him not to neglect them any more. This, however, he did during the following winter, though in another way—viz., from want of food. It was like this:

“I went to see him, and asked where the sheep were, as the snow was heavy on the ground; he went with me to try and find them. They were on the common, he said; and we found them in a very emaciated state, and starved condition, some of them more so than others. I inquired: ‘What food do you give them?’ We searched his place for food, but found none. He said: ‘They must have eaten it all.’ I replied: ‘Oh, have they? It has not done them much good then!’ I said: ‘I shall see you again in a day or two, and if I find there is no improvement, I can only promise

you one thing.' 'What's that?' 'I shall have to ask for a summons on the strength of my report, because you are withholding necessary food which the law compels you to provide.' 'Couldn't you find a better job than trailing me all over the common like this?' We had been up to our knees in undergrowth covered with snow, hunting for those poor things. I replied: 'I am simply doing my duty, and can do no other.'

On Puttenham Common.

"Here I found the whole of a sheep's skeleton, all the flesh entirely devoured. When the flies attack them, they go off by themselves and hide away from the others, and lie down to be eaten alive and die, all for want of proper watching and attention. There is a good dressing that can be bought at a chemist's, or paraffin and water—it would be too strong by itself—or a solution of carbolic may be used. Near by, I found another sheep being badly eaten by the maggots ; with difficulty I found the owner of this one. I made him come to look at it and attend to it at once.'

Guildford Market.

“On Tuesdays, in hot weather, it was quite a business to get the sheep dressed and properly attended to in the Market; sometimes nothing was to be seen externally but a discoloration of the wool, which would tell anyone who knew about it what was wrong. The sheep, too, would also point out the place by twitching and trying to bite itself. But on a common, to an inexperienced eye, nothing would be visible till the wool falls off and the place becomes raw.

“It used to puzzle people sometimes when, driving along a road, I would say: ‘That sheep has been struck by a fly.’ It is the small shining green-fly that does the most damage—it shines like varnish.”

Backside Common, Normandy.

“The weather had been very wet, and I found the mud and slush was ankle-deep on that part of the common going towards Ash, so I looked about to find the sheep. The poor ewes were up to their knees in mud and water searching for food. Poor things! I think it is wicked for people to own animals if they cannot

see to their well-being. It fairly wrung the tears out of me to see the newly-born lambs on little island hillocks crying for their mothers. I don't think that any cruelty that I can remember touched me more than this did, poor little inoffensive creatures ! Lots of them did die, no doubt ; but what a shame, to say nothing about the loss ! Fancy the devotion of the mothers, hunting about through all that mud to try and find a little food, so as to supply the milk to the lambs, and there was none for them to get ! And the little things were crying like young babies for the breast. I do think it was wicked ! If a man has any spark of humanity about him, I should think it would wake him up ; it ought to.

“I found the owner, and had the sheep brought home, and the lambs carried to the yard, and saw that the ewes were fed. I told the man how it would be if I found this sort of thing happening again, and said : ‘I shall be over here again soon, and if things are not right I shall give you all the trouble I can.’

“The next time I took the vet with me ; we found things were better—though bad enough still—so did not prosecute. I kept an eye on them, visiting them whenever I was in that

direction. Using the bike, I could get about quickly, but it took up a lot of my time to keep people up to their responsibilities ;—in many cases it was only a matter of fear that did it, for they never knew where I was, or when I was coming. I would often arrive on the scene when they least expected me. This is the best way to do a public duty ; and by not wearing any special uniform they could not be warned of my approach by any official dress.”

Shamley Green.

“I was informed that boys had been seen throwing stones at horses on Shamley Green, so I went down that way to find the boys. As I got near, I came across some lads and gathered my information somewhat in this way :

“‘ You never throw stones at horses, do you ?’

“‘ Oh no, sir, but I can tell you who does ;’ and they gave me the names of two boys. I called at one of the houses indicated, where I saw a boy with his mother. I told her what my business was, and I remonstrated with him, and explained the serious consequences that might result from stone-throwing, and the likelihood of blinding the horses, or injuring

them in other ways, as a stone would be calculated to hit and injure the bones of a horse, such as the rib, knee, or ankle-bones. The mother thanked me for the way in which I had cautioned the boy, and I did not have any more complaints about stone-throwing from that neighbourhood.

“About three weeks afterwards I was served with a summons from the County Court to answer an allegation saying that I had ‘frightened a boy.’ The County Court clerk who brought it said (with a laugh): ‘Tables are turned now, Mr. Oliver; you’ve got the summons this time.’ I simply answered: ‘Thank you, I shall be there.’ Accordingly I appeared before Judge Lushington at the Godalming County Court; he treated the matter as a joke, and did not think that I looked ‘very formidable’—not enough to frighten boys in these days!

“To substantiate their case against me, the father, mother, boy, and a doctor were present. I gave evidence as to what happened, and at my request the mother was called back. The learned Judge asked her if what I had said was true, and that she had thanked me twice for the manner in which I had spoken to her boy

on that occasion. ‘Yes,’ she said ; ‘it is quite true.’ ‘Then,’ the Judge said, ‘why did you come here ? You have no case ; I award the expenses of the witnesses and the time of the Inspector, and I shall dismiss the action.’

“I had a witness with me, Miss ——, who had reported the stone-throwing, but as it happened there was nothing for her to do. The Judge kindly complimented me on the way in which I was doing my work in preventing cruelty, and encouraged me to go on in the same way. He also said : ‘I am not sorry to have made your acquaintance under these circumstances.’

“I regret to say that the two gentlemen who had coached up this unlettered man to procure the summons against me, left him to pay the costs. Finding this was the case, he appealed to *me* to assist him. I had warned him before the summons was out, and told him in what way he would lose his case. These gentlemen also wanted me to make a compromise, to which I answered : ‘Never !’ It seemed as if they wished to make merchandise of me and of the Society ; but it is the truth, and nothing but ‘the truth’ that makes ‘you free’ (John viii. 32) ; and a man ‘blessed in his deed’ (Jas. i. 25 ;

and ii. 12). If they thought they were going to frighten me, they had got the wrong man to deal with.

“It is a cowardly thing for a Christian man to be afraid. I once had a grand loss!—when I lost ‘the fear of man’; then I could face anyone.”

Oliver sometimes got called a “daring man,” for he was no respecter of persons where cruelty was concerned. Someone asked: “Who can make you afraid or turn you out of the way?” And another would say: “You are as ‘bold as a lion’; there is something about you that we cannot get over.”

At Haslemere.

“When on my rounds, in going up the street at Haslemere, I came upon a party of three men standing together talking. One of them said: ‘How do, Mister; pleased to see you.’ I did not know that they knew me;—he also said: ‘We’ve a lot of cruelty going on about here.’ I replied: ‘I am specially concerned in preventing cruelty to animals.’ ‘Yes, I know that; but this is connected with the superior part of the animal creation.’ I answered: ‘I

take it that you mean the human being ; if it is from habits of intemperance or excess, I think I can give you a profitable illustration. There is a horse standing yonder in a brewer's dray with some large tubs on it ; he is drinking at the marble water-trough. I will just go over and see what he is doing.' I went, and on returning to them said : 'The horse has not drunk all the water ; it seems that he has had enough and he knows it. You have here a proof that the horse should be the superior part of the animal creation in this respect, if the cruelty to which you refer comes from excess.' One of them remarked : ' I think we have called up the wrong man.' I said : 'The horse is dictated to by its own nature and instinct, though without the voice of a conscience which you and I have.' They, being unbelievers, said : ' Now you are bringing in the conscience clause we expect to be annihilated !' Then I said : ' According to your ideas it is not true what I believe, that when God breathed into my " nostrils the breath of life," He made me " a living soul " (Gen. ii. 7). I make no doubt that the same thing happened to you, for He made all of us responsible beings. Pray, what is it that speaks to us in the dead of night, of

things we have done which no human eye saw us do? Yet something tells us that we have done that which we ought not to have done—it may have been but a small thing—but what do you think that something is?’

“ ‘When you come to Jordan’s flood, how will you do?
You who now condemn your God, how will you do?
Death will be a solemn day!
When the soul is forc’d away,
It will be too late to pray! How will you do?’

“ ‘You who laugh and scorn and sneer, how will you do?
When in Jordan you appear, how will you do?
Can you then your terrors brave,
Say you have no soul to save,
When you sink beneath the wave? How will you do?’

“ ‘You who have turned aside, how will you do?
Whither will you flee to hide? How will you do?
Conscience will in terror rise,
And the worm that never dies,
When you sink no more to rise. How will you do?’

*(From Richard Weaver’s Hymn-
Book, No. 2.)*

They remarked: ‘He’s quite gone on the conscience clause;’ to which I replied: ‘I maintain that the horse, though possessing great intelligence, has not a conscience, except as taught by correction and the treatment meted out to him by man. I am sorry to find people

of your years indulging in these notions. I hope the time is not far distant when you will see things differently.' One of them acknowledged, and said he was satisfied that the argument was waterproof. However, they did not then and there confess that they had a conscience, although the next time we met they had not forgotten our conversation, and mentioned that they had thought the matter over, and had come to the conclusion that my argument was a good one, and said that they had 'never been handled that way before.'

"It is the best line of thought that I have been enabled to produce when talking to an infidel, or in trying to show him his responsibility to his Maker, who made him a living soul—a responsible being. God gave him this faculty, and He holds him liable for its use; if man abuses and neglects this voice of conscience, that is not God's fault."

High Street, Guildford.

"In passing along Spital Street—now the eastward end of High Street—I noticed a very fine brown cart-mare, attached to a large four-wheel van. I said to the man in charge: 'What

is the matter with your horse?' It was in good condition, a fine creature, and beautiful to look at, and he was a big, burly man. He declared: 'There's nothing the matter with it.' 'Well,' I said, 'do not go any further, for there is something wrong.' 'Lummy!' he said, 'I've been all over England and you're the first man that ever said I'd got anything wrong with my horse.' He was a bit put out about it, and said: 'Who are you?' I asked: 'Can you read?' Then I showed him my badge. 'I can see what the letters are,' he said, 'but what does it mean?' So I explained it to him, and told him that he must stop working it. 'Well, I don't want to stay about here in the road.' I asked: 'Have you never noticed that your horse's collar pitches the wrong way, different to that of any other, and your horse does not toss his head up to keep the flies away? Now, you look at any of these horses that are passing; they carry the head in quite a different position, and swing it about easily. I cannot allow you to go any further. Is this your name and address on the van, and what are you?' 'I am an agricultural implement maker, and I go all over the country.' I said: 'You will not be allowed to go any further except under

an authorized veterinary surgeon's certificate.' 'Oh, I've no money to spend on veterinary surgeons; besides, you are wrong.' 'Very well, I said; 'I will have the horse examined at the Society's expense; and, if I'm wrong, I'll put up with it, and will abide by his decision.' A vet, Mr. —, happened to be passing; so I called him to examine the horse, which he did; and the vet pronounced it to be 'unfit for work in ordinary harness, having a very bad fistula at the point of the withers.'

"I have often thought since of what that fine creature must have suffered; such a nice kind-looking animal, and well cared for in other respects. The man told me with tears in his eyes that he never dreamt that the horse was like that; he said: 'I've seen lots of your men about, but you're the first Inspector who has pointed this out or spoken to me about it.'

"I know that some thought me pretty keen in the work, but I love the horse; he is such a noble, uncomplaining animal, and willing to do so much for us.

"The horse was taken out of the van, which was put up at the White Horse Hotel, and he was turned out to graze on Merrow Common.

"Later, a farmer at Farley Green wished to

consult me about a horse he had bought. I went to look at it, and found it was this very same animal. I asked if he had not noticed that the horse had a fistula when he bought it; he said: 'No.' 'Well,' I answered, 'you more than surprise me, but you must not work it except with a breast-collar.' Afterwards he took a veterinary's advice, and an operation was performed, which, however, proved of no avail: it made a running, suppurating wound, and the constitution of the horse ran right away. This fine cart-mare, equal to draw a ton and a half weight, went down to a shadow and had to be shot at the last. It was a heavy loss to the purchaser, as he gave a fair price for her; but it was not right, knowingly to sell her to a poor farmer without informing him that the horse was under supervision."

Cranley Common.

"In crossing the common near the windmill (when on my official rounds), the fox-hounds were out, and as they came running by in front of me I saw a roan mare shoot a front fetlock joint in the rough cart-track. Her rider jumped off, and I told him he must not go a step

farther ; so he asked what was the best thing to be done. ‘Put the mare in a cattle-cart and take her home, and see that she has proper attention.’ This was done under police observation, as I could not stay, being due elsewhere.

“An overshot joint is a fetlock joint gone forward out of its proper position, but a ‘shot-ten’ joint is one quite gone out of the cup—in fact, dislocated.

“It is wonderful what an amount of joint-oil, or synovia, there is in a horse. There are two classes of oil : the one that supplies his muscles, which is sometimes called grease ; and the other—which you might call cup-oil, joint-oil, or synovia—a yellowish transparent fluid. If a horse gets pricked through to the joint bones then the synovia escapes, and it is almost impossible to stop the flow. For instance, in the case of a broken-kneed horse, people are apt to mistake the two oils : they see oil flowing and think it is synovia, but this is not always the case. There is very little difference in the colour, but a trained eye can detect it : the synovia is yellowish and clear like glycerine ; the other oil is more like melted tallow. The synovia, which can be got from a slaughter-

house, is a wonderful remedy for the human race if rubbed into stiff joints."

Inspector Oliver tells me that he has tried this with good effect on himself.

Guildford Market.

A gentleman sent some fowls to Guildford Market from Farncombe in a closed box-van covered over with a tarpaulin ; some of the fowls were suffocated on the journey — on arrival four or five were dead. Inspector Oliver summoned the owner for improper conveyance and overcrowding. A solicitor appeared before the Bench, to answer to the charge, and pleaded "Not guilty." Inspector Oliver had the witness of the police as to the fowls being dead on arrival, and says: "Had they been covered up a longer time, more would have died also, several being unable to stand."

Counsel pleaded that there were "holes in the tarpaulin to let in the air." Particulars were asked of Oliver by the Bench as to the number of fowls, and their size, and also the dimensions of the van. Oliver had failed to see any holes in the tarpaulin, and in cross-examining their witness, it came to light that the van with its

tarpaulin was used for the purpose of conveying and covering clean clothes from the laundry, and that there were no holes in it. He says : “ I became so used to having lies invented against me, I got quite tired of it. The solicitor at the end of the case, when still before the Bench, said : ‘ I consider you are an expert in asking questions and in giving answers ; you know what to see and what not to see.’ I thanked him for the compliment, and said : ‘ Let that go—but I did not see any holes in the tarpaulin ! ’ ”

At Ripley.

“ It was such a pleasure to me to find that the devil was not always successful with his agents, in trying to make the truth appear like a lie in the eyes of the public ; this, of course, was the lawyer’s business, as in the following case of the coach-horses at Ripley :

“ I rode in the choking dust behind the four-horse coach running between London and Guildford ; they were going at a gallop, the guard blowing his horn in defiance and derision. They had set the police at naught at Guildford, and I took up the chase at the lower end of Box Grove Road, and did the five miles on my

bike in twenty minutes, up and down hill to Ripley, where they stopped to change horses. I called upon the police-sergeant there to come with me to examine them. We found the 'wrung' horse for which we were looking.

"I had been silly enough to wander through the Angel Hotel yard,—where they put up at Guildford, when the collars had been removed, and had thus seen the sore, and I wondered if they meant to work that horse again on their way back to London. Of course they did not know of my previous experiences with coach-horses on a coaching job. Being always dressed in civilian clothes, I was able to see and know things which would not have been so had I been in uniform.

"This case was tried at Guildford, and they spared no expense in getting able assistance. I was accused of having injured the shoulder of one of their men when attending their horses, by rushing in between the man and the horse in an excited state when he was taking off the harness. This was a deliberate lie ; it never happened. In cross-examination I asked the man which shoulder it was that was injured,—he was not quite sure, but thought it was his right shoulder ; so I said : ' If that were

the case, you must be a left-handed man !' He replied that he was 'not left-handed.' Then I said : 'You must have been taking off the harness backwards !' I then turned to the Bench and explained that when a man is taking off the harness collar, he stands in front of the near shoulder of the horse, and that there is no other proper way of doing it—so they failed to prove their case against me."

Guildford Market.

"It is very trying and fatiguing for pigs coming to the market in hot weather ; they will lie and pant, and if at liberty will find some wet cool place to lie in. On this occasion the pigs were being crowded up into a four-wheel van at the Guildford Cattle Market. I was there, and cautioned them about it ; but they started off, and I followed them up, and overtook them at Clandon on their way to Effingham. I immediately had some taken out, which they did with a bad grace. They did not like it, but they had to come out ; it was a necessity, for the pigs were lying on the top of each other panting.

"In the case of either calves or pigs sufficient

room should be allowed to each animal to stand or lie in transit, as they can lie in the same amount of space that they can stand over; if this is not so, then it is a case of 'improper conveyance.' I took the measurements of the van and the number and size of the pigs; the owner, who was present at the loading up in the market, was summoned, and the van brought outside the court. The defendant tried to make the Bench believe that my measurements were not correct, and the magistrates went out to measure the van for themselves, and found that my measurements had not been exaggerated. The defendant was convicted and fined. Badgering never went down with me, but I have had no more trouble with him; he has become quite civil ever since."

Wormley Hill, Witley.

"Here I met a cart laden with calves; some were down, lying in the bottom of the cart, and others on the top of them. I stopped the cart, and had the calves taken out; some could not stand—poor things!—they had got so cramped, having had three legs tied together at the fetlock joint (one fore and two hind legs). I had them

loosed, and took the name and address of the owner, and at once summoned him. He had been previously warned by the Bench for other acts of cruelty, but ‘the children of this world are in their generation wiser than the children of light’ (Luke xvi. 8). For, dreading to appear again before the magistrates, he provided himself with a better cart for the conveyance of calves, and invited the secretary to come and see it! I was also asked to look at it, but *I did not do so*, as I would not be a party to this thing. In this way he got off, although he had made his preparations to go to Bates’s Farm (gaol) for a month. In the local papers the report of this case was headed: ‘Mending his ways.’ ”

Broad Street Common.

“I was informed that Mrs. ‘——,’ of Broad Street, had allowed her pony to be taken away in part payment for another, which proved to be a very inferior animal. Hers I knew was a useful pony, so I went to examine the one she had received in exchange. I found it was quite a useless creature, so badly broken-winded that it could hardly walk at all; and I also heard that her cow was to go in part-payment for this poor,

useless pony. Receiving the information so quickly, and having gone there at once, I was in time to prevent her cow from being taken away, and advised her to lock her up in the cowshed and to have the new pony examined by a vet—it had been sent to them ‘after dark’ the previous evening. Both she and her husband acted on what I had said, and the vet’s verdict was ‘*unfit for any work*,’ on the strength of which they applied for the return of their old pony, but it was not forthcoming. They let me know this, and that the new pony had been taken away for slaughter by the same people who had brought it, on their hearing the vet’s opinion. Now the question was,—how can they be recouped for the value, at so much, of their old pony? But no answer was to be had, so they were obliged to have recourse to the County Court. By this means they received its value, and they thanked me afterwards for my advice, and for helping them to retain their cow.

“At work like mine I never knew from one hour to another what question or what advice I might be asked to give,—it was a good thing ‘not to be in bondage to any man’ (see John viii. 32, 33); thus I was able to give an unbiassed opinion and a straightforward answer.

"These were hard-working people with a large family—all young; yet those wretches would rob them, or anybody else. It seemed a disappointment when they found they could not do it, but had to pay up instead! I enjoyed being of any service to such people against these villains. It is not surprising that I had some nasty names given me sometimes—anything they could think of; but that did not break any bones or affect me, I was enabled to live above it."

At Primrose Place.

"On the highway between Godalming and Milford, I was watching the road, on the lookout for a horse, reported to me as likely to pass by, at some time or other that day.

"I observed an elderly woman and a little boy pass me in a cart drawn by a beautiful dappled grey cob; they were going towards Milford. There was also a four-wheel fly coming in the opposite direction going to Godalming. Just as the fly and the cart came nearly opposite each other a hansom cab came right in between the two! There was a collision—the occupants of the cart fell into the road. It was just getting dusk. I kicked a place out



Photo by W. R. Talbot.

THOMAS OLIVER "ON THE LOOK OUT" FOR A CASE.

in the turf at the edge of the path just where I stood, and went to the assistance of the old lady and the boy. On raising her I noticed blood was flowing from the top of her head, and afterwards I heard that the skull had been fractured. With help we carried her to the nearest house, and placed her in the front sitting-room, but I do not think she breathed after we had taken her into the house; death seemed almost instantaneous.—The cart was got up, the harness patched, the cob attended to, and the boy was sent on with them to Elstead, some three miles or more away; with the bottle of medicine they had been to fetch for the old lady's invalid husband, who was ill and confined to his room. I remained all night to watch the road from the window in the same room where the body of the old lady lay. It was a damp night, and I was glad of the shelter; but the case for which I was on the look-out did not appear on the scene.

“The inquest was held at the Golden Fleece at Elstead—I had to appear as a witness. It was a difficult position, for if the accident happened from the cabdriver's negligence, he would be liable for manslaughter. I was asked by the Coroner if I could swear that ‘the driver of the

cab *saw* the cart.' That, of course, I could not say ;—I only have my own eyes, I am not responsible for what another man can see. So I said, 'I could not swear it.'

"However, the matter was not allowed to rest ; it was brought to the Assize Court at Guildford. The cabman pleaded his own case, and put all the blame on his master's horse, which he was driving at the time. The horse was a nice animal—a little beauty—but it had to suffer for the error of its driver, and was condemned ;—he was not to be used again for trotting on the road—*something had to suffer*. However, it may have been better for the animal in the end ; so much depends upon *where* they go and into *whose* hands they fall."

On Wonersh Common.

"I was walking on the road across Wonersh Common behind a man who was riding in a donkey-cart, and I noticed he had two sticks. The first he used was a small one, about three feet long, not bigger than my little finger ; the next he took up to use was as large as two of my biggest fingers—a sturdy walking-stick. He leant forward (in the cart) to deliver his first blow on the off-side of the donkey, and the body

of the poor little donkey bent and the animal swerved to the near-side of the road. Thank God! he had only time to inflict two blows, before I came near enough to stop him.—I said : ‘Give me that stick.’ He answered, ‘No!’ and put it down in the cart, taking up the smaller one. I said : ‘Will you get out of the cart?’ But he seemed dazed, he did not move. A police-constable appeared on the scene and joined me in requesting him to come out of the cart. I said : ‘If you don’t get out we shall take you out.’ With that he complied.

“On examining the donkey, we found a piece of rough rag, or sacking, tied to the off-side of the crupper, covering a wound about four inches in circumference, with the suppuration running down the side of the animal, probably caused by blows, and from long neglect was in a state of putrefaction, smelling offensively. Of course we took away his stick and also demanded his name and address. He was summoned forthwith, and had to appear before the County Bench. He was convicted and fined.

“Some people, sympathizing with this inhuman villain, thought I was harsh in having brought this case for prosecution, but the conviction showed that the Bench did not think so.

“When people came to me, saying that they objected to my mode of procedure, I used to refer them to the Secretary of the Society (Mr. Napper), who was just the sort of straightforward man for them. He would listen attentively, and after they had stated their grievance he would say : ‘The case appears from your own showing to have been a true one, so I have nothing more to say.’”

At Shalford Ocean.

“Captain —— had a nice donkey ; his two daughters could do anything with it, but not so the Captain. More than once his conduct had been reported to me for unmercifully beating it with a long jack-whip—*i.e.*, a drop-whip with a very heavy thong. Of course I was on the look-out for him. One day I saw him coming over Christmas Hill ; he was trying to drive it into Shalford Ocean, a muddy pond on Shalford Common. The donkey refused—they seldom like to wet their feet ; they are very particular about this, and will jump a puddle in the road rather than step into it. I cannot tell why, but I know this is so with most of them.

“The Captain commenced to belabour him

in a cruel manner upon the head and ears with the jack-whip—it will upset a donkey sooner than anything to touch its ears. I got up to him and forbade him to do this, and said I should ‘make a report.’ He used very rough language, but desisted. However, according to the Secretary’s instructions he was summoned. Fortunately I had one witness who was passing at the time, and whose attention I had attracted, and who on the spot, kindly gave me his name and address if it should be required.

“The case came before the County Bench and the Captain employed counsel. This developed the case, for when he cross-examined me I happened to say that ‘there was no costermonger who came to Islington Market who would have dared to beat a donkey in that manner ; he would have been afraid to do it.’ This fairly upset the Captain ; he lost his temper, and, taking the matter out of the hands of his counsel, pitched into me ;—he got off by paying a fine.”

At Blackheath.

“I found a donkey turned out on Blackheath which had been neglected, and its feet had been left to grow without attention. In both fore-

feet the hoof measured seven inches long. I had to search for and find the owner, and get him to take the donkey to a blacksmith to have the hoofs pared. He, however, did not like to undertake the job,—I told him to get a saw and so take off a big piece of the horn from each foot. It was very hard to cut, and the smiths were nervous over doing it, but I said I would ‘take all responsibility with regard to anything going wrong by the use of a saw.’ The only other way would have been to burn it off with a hot iron, which would have been a long and tedious process ; but it came all right, nothing untoward happened, and I took away the pieces. I kept a lot of relics such as these, also various other bits of horn taken out of the heads of cattle, horned sheep, rams, and goats, where the horns had turned inwards and had grown into the flesh. I used to carry a box-saw with me on purpose.”

Near Worplesdon Station.

“As I was going up the drive of a private house belonging to a military officer, about half-way up I saw a fine blue boarhound coming towards me, with tail erect and bristles up along his back ; he looked like business, and came within about

three feet, giving vent to a deep-toned growl. We stood facing each other for a few seconds ; it was quite long enough, for things looked ominous. A voice shouted out, ‘ Don’t move ! ’ and a gentleman came down quickly from the house and fixed a chain which he had in his hand on to the dog’s collar. He apologized, and said : ‘ It was very fortunate you did not advance any farther, for I do not know what might have happened. I have only had him from abroad lately ;—this is the third day, and I had no idea that anyone was on the premises, or I would not have let him loose. Supposing he had attacked you, what resistance could you have offered ? ’ I answered : ‘ I should have tried to break one of his front legs with my stick, knowing that it is a sensitive part of a dog.’ He said : ‘ I wanted to judge of his training, and to test him, but I did not expect you would be the person to do it. I am pleased with your nerve and courage.’ ”

Guildford Market.

“ Some cattle were being driven out of the New Market in Woodbridge Road one Tuesday. A steer became excited, and attempted to jump a gate on the east side of the road, but

unfortunately in jumping he did not clear the gate, but landed on the iron spikes at the top, the spikes penetrating its stomach and bowels. The agony of the creature was such that no one dare go near as it threw itself about, and it was difficult to get anyone to kill it. As a rule you cannot kill an animal without first getting the consent of the owner, but in such an extreme case as this, it would be permissible, and no law would be against you. However, the owner was near at hand, and was only too anxious to find someone who would venture to put the creature out of its acute misery and suffering.

“I was on the spot almost immediately after it happened, so they asked : ‘What is the best thing that can be done?’ I said : ‘Slaughter, as quick as you can.’ One butcher volunteered to take its life if I would stand by him and look on to see that he did it, as well as the circumstances would allow. The head of the animal being on the move, it was a very difficult thing for him to get into position so as to take a fair aim at its brain, and it was not safe to use a gun, there being so many people around, and houses quite near. The present method of the ‘piston’ was not then in use. The man did the best he could, striking only twice.

"I was accustomed to seeing this sort of thing, as it was a part of my duty to visit abattoirs and other slaughter-houses to see that everything was done properly and life mercifully taken. But leave had to be obtained for visiting the private ones, or else a policeman taken with me, which would have much the same effect as a 'search warrant.'

"I have been asked sometimes if I were a policeman ; and I have often been told that I ought to have been a detective.

"One effect of my being all the day in attendance on the market, with just a biscuit or a sandwich in my pocket, was that if anything went wrong in any part of it, people would know I was there, and would say : 'Stop ! do nothing till the Inspector comes. Fetch him at once ; whatever directions he gives we will be willing to carry out.' If an accident happened, or an animal fell lame, they would say : 'If the creature is not fit to walk, the Inspector will not let it walk ; it will *have* to be carried.'"

At Kingston.

"A poor worn-out horse was put into a local sale at Guildford ; it was unfit for work, and was bought for a trifle by a man from Wands-

worth—I feared with the intention of working him ; so I went off by train to Kingston, and having arrived first, I waited his coming on the high-road. As soon as I saw him, I went up quickly and said : ‘ So you’ve got the poor old crock in harness ! Take him out ; he is not fit for it. If you think I’m wrong, get your vet, but don’t work him any more, except under a veterinary’s certificate ’—and I knew what that would mean—‘ or you will get into serious trouble.’ However, they had it slaughtered at once.

“ There is an old ditty which says, if I remember it rightly :

“ ‘ The world is like a bag o’ nails ;
 Some are very queer ones :
 Some are rounds and some are squares,
 Some are flats and some are sharps,
 And some are *very dear ones !* ’ ”



Jessy L. Mylne, pinxit.

Photo by W. R. Talbot.

MRS. OLIVER, NÉE ELLEN SHOVE,

Who passed away on April 21, 1909.

"Just to fold our hands and say,
We're as fond as yesterday."

CHAPTER IV

RETROSPECT

“ Looking back, but not in tears ;
Looking onward, through the years,
To the shadows that must be ;
Looking onward trustfully ;
Looking on in hope above ;
Only looking back in love,
Just to fold our hands and say,
We’re as fond as yesterday.”

F. E. WEATHERLEY.

RETROSPECT

“Thou shalt remember all the way which the Lord thy God led thee.”—DEUT. viii. 2.

“O Lord, . . . Thou understandest my thoughts.”—Ps. cxxxix. 1, 2.

“THE best school I had been in was the experience gained in carrying out my public duties.

“After a good day at the Bench I often felt so happy and would inwardly praise and thank God that they had not been able to make the truth appear as a lie ; and when we left the court and came outside the onlookers would nudge each other and say, ‘Look ! the old geezer’s laughing.’

“Lawyers have put their questions in all sorts of ways—that is their business—and everything they can think of is brought to bear on their clients’ behalf against one. An eminent Q.C., who had lost his case, on meeting me outside the court said, shaking his head as he did so, ‘Ah, you are too old !’ To which I

replied: 'Thank you, our friendship continues. Good-day.' And I passed on.

"The moment that I interfered with the public on behalf of the poor ill-used creatures, they appeared to entirely forget the poor dumb animals; *then* it was 'poor me!' meaning themselves, and pleaded abjectly for mercy on their own behalf; but when 'poor me' came in, that was not my business,—I did not attend to them, I had to look after the suffering creatures.

"It is a great thing to be one who can hold your own, and to know nothing beyond your own work. 'I am here to do a duty—that is enough for me.' That has been characteristic of me,—I simply do not know anything more. I have found that 'The pathway of duty is the pathway of safety.'

"Sometimes they would warn each other not to 'let the old —— get hold of you, he'll rag you if you do!' And others said: 'He's a fair old d——, no good to argue the point with him!' Another said: 'It is not what we have to say when you overhaul us, but it is what you make us say when you get us before the Bench!' To which I answered: 'Yes, you've got to speak the truth there.'

"It is a grand experience; it opens one's

eyes to what the world is! . . . You may *convict* a man—and I have been the means of convicting a good many—but that is not enough: you must *convince* him also, or it is of *no use*, for afterwards the man does not alter his ways unless he realizes his error.

“Some used to jeer at me and say, ‘The old fool is laughing;’ but when arguing the point before the Bench, we found out then where the fool was—when they only got off by paying. Those who laughed at me before conviction address me now as ‘Sir’ or ‘Mr.’

“When I was ‘weak’ and felt my inability (see 2 Cor. xii. 10), then, by relying on a higher Power, I was made ‘strong’ for the work. At times it almost needed supernatural strength in dealing with all sorts and conditions of men;—from the large landowner to the cottager, from his lordship’s bailiff to the gipsy, or the still rougher element found at the London horse sales.

“If ever a man felt a pleasure in his duties I did, and that is what the public did not understand. My work was my recreation;—I did not need holidays and never asked for any. Traversing the country, night and day pretty nearly, was change enough for me. If any

man over seventy years of age needs a rest, I think I may fairly say I stand in for one ; anyway I am looking for one hereafter—the rest that remains for ‘the people of God’ (Heb. iv. 9) ; the rest that ‘comes sure and soon’ (Songs and Solos, No. 66).

“For three years I averaged twenty miles a day in walking, before the Committee thoughtfully and kindly gave me a convertible tricycle ; when that wore out then a bicycle, followed by another cycle, which was built for me—with all the latest improvements and extra strong so as to be suitable for the work. Now it seems to be the order of things for a man to do as little as he can, and get as much as he can for doing it.

“How dreadfully vexed people were sometimes at my visits ! One was going to put me in a pond ! After calling on this gentleman he sent for the vet, who afterwards told me that he said to him : ‘Old Goggle-eyes has been here ; it was lucky for him that I was not at home, or I would have chucked him in the pond.’ To which the vet answered : ‘That would be the sorriest job you ever undertook ; there is more behind that man than you may think.’ It was this farmer’s first offence, so

we cautioned him and did not prosecute. We generally gave the benefit of a caution for the first offence, if it was not too flagrant a case.

“I do not know any place in Scripture where God did not offer mercy before judgment ; this was very wonderful, when you come to think of it ; for as soon as the reign of sin began mercy was offered, and this happened not very long after man was on the earth.

“Satan was a chained foe to Job. ‘The Lord said unto Satan, Behold all that he hath is in thy power’ (Job ii. 12) ; but *save his life*.

“Whether in the market or elsewhere, I always took note of :—

“Overstocking cows.

“Tying the legs of fowls.

“Carrying fowls head downwards (this is an act against the statute).

“Improperly loading up pigs.

“Overcrowding calves.

“Improper conveyance, etc.”

Pigs.

“*To handle little pigs*, take them up in your arms, and place in the conveyance.

“*Larger ones* require two men. Each man

takes a hand together under the pig's chest and stomach, and with the other hand each takes an ear. This is the right way.

"*For very heavy stock pigs* there is a slide provided, under the control of the Market Committee, but it requires close supervision to get the men to use it. Pigs may not be put into sacks."

Fowls.

"The right way for carrying fowls is either in a crate or you can lay the bodies of the fowls on your left arm, taking the legs in the right hand ; in this way half a dozen could be carried at one time,—if they are not very large ones.

"Fowls may not be put into sacks or closed hampers."

Calves.

"These should be lifted in the same way as pigs, and should be allowed standing room in the cart ; in taking them out of a cart a 'runner' should be used (*i.e.*, calf-slide).

"Calves must not be thrown, by means of their tails, on the back edge of a cart on their stomachs ; the same also applies to pigs. I have had some rare badgering over this. At

last I was often compelled to say, 'If you *will* do it, I shall deal with you as the law directs,' and then I would enter a caution against them in my note-book. This generally had the desired effect, for at the sight of my book they would exclaim : 'Look ! he has the little bulldog out ; he'll be sure to bite somebody.' And, 'It's no good what you may say ; the old — *will* have his way.' "

Cows.

"If I saw a case of overstocking when walking round the market, or noticed a cow that I thought required easing, then I immediately had her milked. There are various signs by which you may know what is required : eyes wide open and staring ; if, when in pain, she moves from one hind-leg to the other, trying to ease herself. They would say : 'If you have her milked, how can I sell my cow ? You spoil the sale !' I replied : 'Take some milk from the cow, and let her stand comfortable ; she will soon fill up again.' 'What shall I do with the milk ?' 'Oh, what you like !' This is all practical knowledge ; for instance, if the teats stand at right angles, then she requires easing, and I would say : 'Milk her out on to

the ground ; I don't care what you do with it.'

"I could not compel them to put the calf to its mother, for if the cow had become overheated on the journey to the market, the milk might be too hot for the calf, and cause scouring, which might easily turn to inflammation, and the calf would die. One has to be well guarded in everything one says or does : it is impossible to be too careful. Zeal without knowledge does harm. You have also to be ready to give an answer to all sorts of questions that anyone may ask you, and you have to be very careful as to the answer you give ; for they would soon turn round on you, and say, 'Oh, you said so-and-so !'

"I look on this time as one of the most useful periods of my life, and I do not think anyone made a successful claim against the Society during my long term of service as Inspector.

"My dear wife used to say : 'How you can be ready with your answer, to any question counsel puts to you in the courts passes me.' I used to say to her in reply : 'How can you think out the answers beforehand, when you don't know what the question will be ?' It is

true that for this post it requires a person of some brain power, but the words were given just in the very instant that they were wanted ; afterwards it was often a wonder to myself that they should have been so given me. In the Book we read : ‘ It shall turn to you for a testimony ’ (Luke xxi. 13), ‘ for it shall be given you in that same hour what ye shall speak ’ (Matt. x. 19).

“ Some of the great mottoes of my life have been : ‘ BE JUST AND FEAR NOT.’ ‘ NO WEAPON THAT IS FORMED AGAINST THEE SHALL PROSPER ’ (Isa. liv. 17)—that in my experience has been clearly proved. ‘ THE LORD IS AGAINST THEM THAT DO EVIL. AND WHO IS HE THAT WILL HARM YOU ? ’ (1 Pet. iii. 12, 13).

“ These thoughts are very real, and came personally and practically to me when going about my work, both walking and cycling so many miles by myself. The words of the Bible were my daily food for meditation on my rounds by night or by day, which were both alike to me,—it made no difference in my work.

“ ‘ Where duty calls, or danger, [may I]
Be never wanting there.’ ”

(Sacred Songs and Solos, No. 15.)

“Does not God give us a word of caution when dealing with those around? He tells us not to offend one of the ‘little ones’ (Mark ix. 42, and Luke xvii. 2). Yes, it is not only the children, but the little ones who ‘believe’ in Him—a poor little insignificant being like myself.

“When our local Society was given up, I took down a paper on two Tuesdays to the Guildford Market, the heading of which was written by a friendly clerk in one of the borough offices, petitioning that I might be allowed to continue as Inspector under the London Society. Nearly three hundred signatures were placed upon it in those two days—no other time could be had—by those attending the markets, many of whom I had been the means of convicting, and they had been fined or sent to gaol. Truly, ‘When a man’s ways please the Lord, He maketh even his enemies to be at peace with him’ (Prov. xvi. 7).

“In my early days, when it dawned on me that Enoch walked with God, then I said to myself: ‘Why cannot I do the same? He was only a man, and I dare say he had trials, the same as I have, because it is our heritage; and I know that he, ‘Yea, and all that will live

godly in Christ Jesus shall suffer persecution ' (2 Tim. iii. 12) ; but ' praise God,' He makes everything bow to His sovereign will. Then, trusting in Him, we can ' tread upon the lion and adder,' and they will not harm us (Ps. xci. 13).

"What are religions worth ? They are worthless without Christ. It is not only to talk religion, but to *live* it ; it is not only just to talk about Christ, but to *live* Christ (see Phil. i. 21).

"I have often had crooked names given me ; they wanted no book to dictate what they should say, but all they said or were able to do did no harm to me nor my work, and did not ' move me ' (Acts xx. 24), having a peace which they did not give, neither could they take away (see John xiv. 27). This is exactly my experience, ' thanks be to God ' " (1 Cor. xv. 57).

"I love Thee, my Saviour ; I love Thee, my Lord ;
I love Thy dear people, Thy ways and Thy word ;
With tender affection I love sinners too,
For Jesus hath died to redeem them from woe.

"I find Him in secret, I find Him in prayer ;
In sweet meditation He always is there.
My constant Companion, may we never part !
All glory to Jesus who reigns in my heart !"

(From *Richard Weaver's Enlarged
Hymn-Book*, No. 63.)

"Mine has been a chequered life, but a mercifully preserved one, also with health and strength such as has not been the lot of all men. For over forty years I do not remember being laid aside by sickness for a single day, for which I am ever grateful to the Providence that watched over me. I thank God that He has blessed me and brought me to know Him. 'Surely goodness and mercy shall follow me all the days of my life' (Ps. xxiii. 6). Oftentimes, much alone in my work, yet not alone, for God 'the Lord was with' me, and that which I 'did the Lord made it to prosper' (see Gen. xxxix. 23).

"As I review my past experience, I look back on what I trust has been a useful life, and not a misspent or a wasted one. Many years ago, a Guildford Mayor lay dying, and the nurse who was with him told me that he said: 'Oh! my wasted life! A thousand pounds for a moment of time!' No, when God calls back the living soul from this sphere you cannot stay—you *have* to obey—the messenger of death has come.

"Are we guilty of leaving undone things which we know we ought to have done? By the grace of God let us look to it 'while it is



Photo by H. R.

THOMAS GLOVER ON HIS HOUSEBOAT—A WELL-KNOWN FIGURE

yet day': for 'the night cometh when no man can work'" (John ix. 4).

In the year 1903 the Guildford Society was handed over to the London Royal Society of the P.C.A., and Inspector Oliver was informed that his services would no longer be required—I suppose on account of age-limit.

A public meeting was held at the Constitutional Hall, Guildford, at which I was present. I shall never forget the quiet, dejected figure of the Inspector as he left the hall, as this small gathering broke up after some complimentary speeches had been delivered. When he passed me in the road, on his way back to Merrow, we just gave a silent greeting, it was not a time for words; and as I followed I lifted up my heart to God for him, and prayed that He would bless and comfort him, and give him other opportunities of usefulness and for doing good work, for he looked like one who felt as if his *life's work* was over.

I knew a little of what that work was, and had often seen him on duty when driving my pony in the country lanes. *His was a well-known figure* for many miles round; his district reaching from near Brighton, on the South

Coast to London, and from Dorking to Aldershot.

Some little while after the meeting, a handsome sum was sent to him, which I believe was the balance in the hands of the Guildford Society when their accounts were finally made up.

With this gift he was enabled to purchase a carriage and horse for his own use and for hire. So he became a

Fly-Proprietor at Merrow.

Knowing him to be a reliable driver and a careful, steady man, it was only natural that many people in the neighbourhood should want his services, and the "livery" work became incessant. He had orders to be out at all hours of the day and night. This work proved too much for his strength—often fetching his patrons from parties and balls, on dark Winter nights, perhaps between two and three o'clock in the morning in the cold and frost, miles away from home, and then to find his usual day's work waiting for him soon after his return! Thus he could not get the early rest at night which was of so much importance to him. After about three years of this life he sold his business, and in February, 1908, went into private service again.



Photo by his eldest son.

THOMAS OLIVER "IN PRIVATE SERVICE AGAIN."

Part III

CHAPTER V

IN PRIVATE SERVICE AGAIN

“Plagues and death around me fly;
Till He bids, I cannot die.
Not a single shaft can hit,
Till the God of Love sees fit.”

IN PRIVATE SERVICE AGAIN

“Lean not unto thine own understanding. In all thy ways acknowledge Him, and He shall direct thy paths.”—PROV. iii. 5, 6.

“Let us not be weary in well doing.”—GAL. vi. 9.

MR. OLIVER took a quiet, steady place in Guildford, but also one of responsibility and trust, as steward and coachman to a lady.

While there he says that a countryman met him one morning in the High Street, and the following dialogue ensued :

“How do, Mister ?”

“Pretty well, thank you.”

“I think I’ve see’d you afore.”

“Very likely.”

“Can’t think of your naame, though.”

“Oh, that doesn’t matter.”

“Arn’t you the man what used to run about all over the country ?”

“Yes, that’s me.”

“Ah! I knows now : you’re the cruelty to animals man !”

Good wishes and warm-hearted greetings he received wherever he went. Even in London or its suburbs, I have seen people, who have known him in the past, come up to him—sometimes crossing the road to do so—just for the pleasure of wishing him well, and to shake hands with him.

One day when he was driving the closed landau, a man called out: "Why, here's our old friend! Are you alone?" Mr. Oliver answered by a nod, and stopped, so he said: "Do let me shake hands with you!" and he reached up to the box-seat and gave him a hearty handshake, saying: "I am glad to see you as well as you are, and where you are. Good-bye. God bless you!" It was a drover from Kingston.

On another occasion the carriage was waiting outside a shop. Three gipsies came along, and one put his hand on the horse's side, feeling for his ribs, and called the attention of the other two. "Look at that horse! look at his condition—he's the pink of perfection!—just look at that!" And then lifting his eyes from the horse to its driver, he said: "Well, if it isn't our old Inspector! Glad to see you, sir"—and he doffed his cap and passed on.

Such greetings were perpetual, though one

gentleman when passing, nodded and laughingly said, "When are you coming off your perch?" while some of those whom he had "run in," and the gipsy-folk, seemed really glad to see him and have a word with him.

One day in North Street I noticed a tall, gaunt man in rough clothing, with a fine type of feature, and dark swarthy face, like a North-American Indian, who came up to him so humbly and leaned on the back of the trap to have a chat, almost as a son might to a father!

Another time a man, in admiring the horse that Oliver was driving, said: "You always have good horses; I cannot think where you get them from." But it is not only the quality of the horse, but the attention, the caring for him, and his keep,—which turns him out so well; it is the knowledge of how to look after him,—with diligence in carrying it out.

When out walking on a commission for the house, Mr. Oliver says:—

"I passed a very nice-looking cob in a trap, standing near the pavement. I had not gone far when someone called after me. I turned round and saw three men standing together; one said:

" 'Do you know that horse?'

“ ‘Well, I don’t call him to mind, but I remember one very much like him.’

“ ‘That horse stood in some stables not far from your home, that horse did !’

“ ‘I said, ‘No, surely not?’

“ ‘Yes, he did ; do you remember ‘——’ having a horse like that ?’

“ ‘I called it to mind directly then, and said : ‘Why, he is in perfect condition now ; then he was so thin and ill that he fell down twice in one day in trying to get the owner’s living for him in his fly business. Poor thing ! he was literally starved in his work.’

“ ‘Yes ; now he’s in the pink of condition, and will trot anywhere you like ; he can go to Hind-head or Knaphill, and do it with pleasure.’

“ ‘I asked : ‘Who does he belong to now ?’

“ ‘He answered : ‘Mr. D.’

“ ‘Well,’ I said, ‘he is doing somebody credit.’ And turning to the one who had called me back, I said : ‘Do you consider a man like ‘——’ ought to be allowed to have another horse under his care ?’

“ ‘He said ; ‘No ; the new one he’s got is going just the same.’

“ ‘And yet,’ I said, ‘people subscribed to give him this fresh one. I would be ashamed

to do it. That is the third horse, to my knowledge, this man has nearly starved to death. He should never have another if I could help it. He would not ask me twice for a donation; I would soon let him know what I had to say about it. He is cruel in every sense of the word, both in the stable and out of it; he grudges every mouthful the creature eats, though he looks after himself well enough both as to food and drink. I think it wrong to support a man like that,—for it gives him the means of still being cruel.’ ”

A cart in charge of a lad had come from a farm, and while unloading the hay and straw, Mr. Oliver told me that he felt round the forefeet just above the hoof, and said to the lad: “ ‘Your horse is not much fit for the road, Master.’ The young man replied: ‘He bain’t laame, ’ee only goes a leetle steif. The master says he’s going to give me another one; it’s the heavy drawlin’ that does it, you knows.’ ”

“I thought to myself, ‘Yes, I do know.’ Many a time have I had to bite my lips and look solemn, when laughing inwardly all the time. The poor creature was ring-bony.”

In his daily work Mr. Oliver could often put a younger man to shame; he worked his allot-

ment well, and could dig the ground a spit deep, using both his "right and left hand," like David's mighty men of old—see 1 Chron. xii. 2 ; and as for his stable-work and great knowledge of horses—their ways, habits, and ailments—it could hardly be surpassed. The time and attention and careful grooming that he gave them turned them out second to none ; their appearance of comfort and well-being would be hard to beat anywhere.

Thomas Oliver also understood the management of house and cottage property and the "collecting of rents," so that it was no wonder he was consulted on all hands, and people in trouble were constantly inquiring for him and asking for his help.

He said : "I don't believe in standing and staring about, I am for doing something when you see it's got to be done, instead of standing by looking on, as some do,—afterwards saying : 'I might have done so and so.' My question to them is : 'Then why did you not do it ?' And what would be their true answer, but either that they had not the courage, or else they were afraid of the consequences."

On going to his work one morning a man said to him : "You ought to be ashamed of yourself to keep on working at your age" (about

seventy-four). "You are keeping another man out of a job." So he answered him: "Do you come and ask me whether you are to work or not? Until you do, I shall not ask you whether I am to work or not. I suppose you want me to go back to my 'old master' (see Rev. xii. 9). I've done too much for him years ago. Good-day."

Mr. Oliver was often out working on his allotment early, between four and five o'clock in the morning, and would be leaving just as the others were coming on to their ground to begin work. One said: "Top of the morning to you! But why do you work so hard, is it necessary?" He answered: "Oh, I do it partly for health's sake;—it keeps me out of mischief. Good-day."

Raising a "Cast" Horse.

Mr. Oliver arrived at his employer's house one morning with the request that he might leave as quickly as he could after "feeding round," and also asked for the use of the pony-cart, for he had heard of a horse that had got cast during the night. "It was down, and must have been many hours in the same position, as it was unable to rise or help itself in

any way." Leave was gladly given, and he drove off as soon as possible, taking his pulley with him. Thus he went to the help of the owner to get the horse on to its feet again.

They covered a rope with a cloth and managed to pass it under the horse near the hip-bones. By placing both ends near the shoulders, and gently working it forward under the ribs, they were able gradually to get this rope near the arms; and when in place they attached these two ends to the rope over the pulley. By means of this rope one man lifted the horse, while the other two or three helped by raising the under hip with their hands, having first placed the horse's forefeet straight out in front of his head; then, by lifting and pushing all together, they were able to raise him an inch at a time. Oliver told them to be sure and not let go, but to keep hold even if the horse did struggle, as he would be sure to do as soon as he was able to use his legs. He said: "I like helping horses, they are so willing to help themselves. Poor creature! he did shake and tremble when at last he was on his feet. He had knocked himself about rather in trying to help himself to rise when down."

Once when driving alone in the pony-cart a

man stopped him, saying : " Can you help me ? I have a lame horse at home ; I don't know what to do. I have had two vets to see him, but they are unable to tell me what is the matter. Can you spare the time now to come and see him ? " He replied : " Yes ; I dare say the horse will tell us what is wrong. We'll let him speak for himself. "

Oliver said : " I went with him and saw the horse and examined him. I felt firmly and gently down his forelegs, and when I came to the spot where I thought the mischief was, up went his leg sharp ! I said : ' Ah ! I thought he'd tell us what was wrong. Now put your hand down this tendon ; that's all right—nothing happens. Now feel steadily down the inner tendon on the same leg. ' He did so, and when he came on the same spot up went the leg again. So the horse told us what the vets could not ! I recommended castor-oil treatment to be carried out, and the latest news is that he is decidedly better. "

Boot-mending Again.

Mr. Oliver mentioned that, " One of my sons, a gardener, had bought, and alas ! paid for a pair of boots, before showing them to me,

believing them to be hand-sewn. However, it was not long before he found the water coming through in the wet weather, so he came to me with such a long face. I repeated what I had told him when he first showed them me, that they were not hand-sewn at all, and in a few minutes I could pull the soles from the upper leathers. Had they been hand-sewn with properly made waxed thread, this could not be done ; you might cut the stitches, but even then it would make no difference, the soles and uppers would not come apart. He wanted me to teach him, but he did not give me the opportunity of doing so. One night when he was gone into Guildford I took my waxed thread which I had prepared, made, and fixed on to a hog's bristle, set to and sewed both the soles to the uppers ; they were finished when he returned, much to his surprise. ' Now,' I said, ' you can try and pull them apart, but they won't budge. See the waxed thread I have used.'

"It is wonderful how God gave me 'the power' (Deut. viii. 18) to earn something extra beyond my regular wage, so as to enable me to pay for the food, clothing, and education of my large family of twelve, and to give each of them a good start in life.

“How strange it is that some children think more of their own pleasure and doing things for others rather than helping their own parents and showing their love towards them in every possible way! I wonder why?”

Miss B., who overheard this remark, answered:

“I think it is because self is put first, and when that is the case, the parents are out of it; but if the love of God is in the heart, then the parents come next to God—is not that true?” And she quoted, Jesus “was subject unto them” (Luke ii. 51).

MR. OLIVER: “I fear in these days children have not learnt the lesson, ‘Children, obey your parents’ (Eph. vi. 1 and Col. iii. 20), and ‘Honour thy father and thy mother’ (Exod. xx. 12). This is the first commandment with promise, and is turned the wrong way about.—Now it is, ‘Parents, obey your children’!”

MISS B.: “Where do you find that? It is not in the Bible.”

MR. OLIVER: “No; it is what is now practised. To think that I should have been summoned for frightening children! The devil has had some good smacks at me more than once; he is a wily foe, but, thanks be to God, he is a *chained* foe.”

MISS B.: "He has been conquered, and does not like it."

MR. OLIVER: "It makes him cross. He is like some I know—a good-tempered fellow if nothing upsets him."

"It is a mercy for a man to have to bear the yoke in his youth (Lam. iii. 27). If I had been called upon to bear that now, in the evening of life, it would be very hard work; but, thank God! having had the experience, I can look back into the past with a certain amount of pleasure. It is 'Experience that makes fools wise.'

"If my mother were alive now she would be astonished; my 'lines are fallen unto me in pleasant places'; (Ps. xvi. 6), though life has not been without its 'ups and downs,' with some severe trials and heart-rending sorrows, but—

" 'Must I be carried to the skies
On flowery beds of ease?
While others fought to win the prize,
And sail through bloody seas.

" 'Sure I must fight if I would reign;
Increase my courage, Lord!
I'll bear the toil, endure the pain,
Supported by Thy Word.'

(From *Songs of Grace and Truth*, No. 115.)

“My dear wife passed away on April 21, 1909, after only a few days' illness, we having enjoyed very nearly fifty years of happy married life.

“She was all I could wish, and everything that she put her hand to was done thoroughly. She was clever in almost everything, a good scholar, and was truly a helpmeet. We worked together for the welfare of our twelve children, nine now living, who are all out in the world doing well.

“We had perfect confidence the one with the other; and when my duties would allow, we took shares in looking after the children. Many times have I washed, dressed, and cared for them when my dear wife was out; also, I made boots for them all.

“One day I can remember, when we were at Dr. Hatchard's, I was very tired, and was left in charge while the wife was away at church; when she returned I was fast asleep, and the children were having high jinks outside, racing about with the cows, for which I got reprimanded, but was forgiven.

“Many years later, when only our two selves were at home—(I had been in the Guildford S.P.C.A. work for some time, and had been

using my feet for walking on an average of twenty miles a day during the first three years, and afterwards when cycling I registered 5,000 miles on the cyclometer in four years ; I also kept a pony for the Society's work, forage being allowed me)—I would take the wife with me in the trap sometimes, to her great delight. She said it did her 'more good than anything, and was quite a change for her.'

"Once I had been out in the Chobham district ; towards evening a dense fog came on. I had driven over to Chertsey searching out a case, and from there to Woking, then homeward, going through Old Woking towards Send ; but owing to the fog we missed our way, and on the Woking side of Cartbridge the pony stopped suddenly. I got down from the trap to ascertain the cause, and I found that her two forefeet were on the very edge of the canal bank, which is a perpendicular drop into the water ; had she gone a step farther, without doubt we must all have been drowned. Now a post and rail have been fixed up.

"After this experience I warned the authorities of the danger, but I believe nothing was done till after a man was drowned when driving

a pair of horses from Woking to Ripley. He drove down the approach to the river which runs parallel to the road that goes over the bridge.

"After passing Cartbridge the fog was so thick that I was obliged to take my lamp out of its socket, and hang it on to the shaft in front of the wheel, to enable me to see sufficiently to keep to the road.

"We could not see the Sutton Lodges, nor the pony's ears, owing to the fog, and when we got half-way up Boxgrove Road, we came out into a beautiful moonlight night, which was comparatively clear.

"I do not know how to be thankful enough to Providence for my experience with regard to the world and my fellow-man—to think that I was enabled to keep my own counsel, and 'to keep myself unspotted from the world' (James i. 27). At times the opposition was almost overwhelming, and if I had let others know my business I should hardly have been able to endure it.

"What a relief it was to get back home to my dear wife and my own hearth—to shut the door, and leave the world outside!"

On November 22, 1910, Thomas Oliver married Sarah Beagley (*née* Shefford) at St. Saviour's Church, the Vicar, the Rev. W. E. Peters, officiating, as he had known Mr. Oliver many years.

At the reception given to them afterwards, among others, Mr. Oliver made an excellent little speech, giving his reasons for taking this step, and referring to God's gracious watchful care over him during the past, and said: "I am now looking forward, in trust and faith in Him for the future."

In August, 1911, Oliver met one who had known him many years, who said:

"You have done the right thing in marrying again. I have often thought about you and your active life, and the strenuous efforts you have made with regard to your large family."

To which Oliver replied: "Yes; they have nothing to complain of. It was too lonely for me."

"Ah! you did right."

This he thought was nice, coming from one who had known him so well, and had been a fellow-servant in the same service for eleven years.



Photo by W. R. Talbot.

THOMAS OLIVER AS STEWARD.

CHAPTER VI

FAILING HEALTH

“Thou knowest all the future—gleams of gladness
By stormy clouds too quickly overcast—
Hopes of sweet fellowship, and parting sadness,
And the dark river to be crossed at last ;
Oh, what could confidence and hope afford
To tread that path but this—Thou knowest,
Lord !”

“I will look unto the Lord ; I will wait for the
God of my salvation : my God will hear me.”—
MIC. vii. 7.

FAILING HEALTH

“Faithful unto death.”—REV. ii. 10.

AFTER the very unusually hot and dry summer of 1911 the weather suddenly became cold ;—many in Guildford were affected by it, especially old people and children. Mr. Oliver was not an exception. He was far from well for two or three days, followed by loss of voice, and has since then been only able to speak in a whisper.

When on his way to work one morning a man greeted him and said : “ I am sorry to hear that you have no voice.”

Oliver whispered back the answer : “ Perhaps I’ve been saying too much, so my voice has got to have a rest !”

The man replied : “ Oh no, don’t talk like that ! I know you have said a good deal, but not too much.” This man was at school with some of Mr. Oliver’s children, and had known him about forty years.

Mr. Oliver said to me : “ I have always had

a clear voice, and have used it, I hope, to a good purpose ; the Justices never had to ask me twice what I had said. At the Foresters' meetings I was often called upon to read the reports, etc. ; it is a great deprivation to me, but I hope soon that my voice may return, if the Lord wills it so."

I do not wonder that he was often asked to speak ; for he put things clearly, and in such simple yet forcible language that all could understand him. He grasped the situation and drift of an argument well and quickly.

One evening on his way home from work a boy passed him riding slowly on his bicycle, and called out : " Got a match, Mister ? "

Oliver answered : " Not one for you. "

The lad had a cigarette in his hand. A little farther on a man stopped him. " Got any matches on you, Mister ? "

He replied : " I do not smoke. " And then he came across a motor-car which could not go on because the occupants were without the means of striking a light, and it was just lighting-up time—the sun had gone down. He said in his quiet way : " I was able to oblige them ; " and added : " When I was a lad some tobacco was given me. I tried it, but it made

me quite sick and stupid. I thought, Am I justified in acting like this with anything that affects my constitution in this way? So that finished my smoking, and I have never touched it since."

"Another day on meeting a friend, after our greeting, I whispered: 'People tell me I'm done for and used up. What do you think?' He said: 'You don't look like it, and if some of the young ones had to keep "sides" with you they would find they were busy; they would have to mend their pace a bit!'"

On Monday, December 11, 1911, after feeling very weak and unwell, or, as he put it, "I am not up to the usual; I fear I must stay at home for a day or two," he was persuaded to go on his club for the first time in his life! He was ordered by his doctor to keep to the house; this enforced idleness he did not at all enjoy, and said when I called to see him: "I have read till I've no eyes left, and I've walked up and down these rooms like a caged lion."

Soon after, I heard that he was seriously ill with laryngitis, and had to be propped up with pillows at night for fear of suffocation; and when I called again, his wife came to the door and said: "It is only a matter of a few hours

now !” But this was not the case, though he seemed very ill with an abscess inside the throat which caused great uneasiness and vomiting, but no actual pain at this time. He said to me : “ If I am to go, I am just waiting for Him to come and take me.”

When this crisis was past, and he got a little better, he was able to walk over one day to see his beloved horses, but was much fatigued by the exertion ; and, while resting after the walk, he said in a whisper with difficulty in getting his breath : “ It is this—is it not ?

“ ‘ Here—in the body—pent—[pointing to himself]
Absent—from Him—I roam—
Yet nightly—pitch my—moving tent—
A day’s march—*nearer—home.*’ ”

“ Ah !” he said with a sad smile, “ it’s this throat trouble—and great weakness—which—takes me ‘ off my perch ’ (see p. 191). . . . I am—waiting—His time. What He wills—is best. I may have—some useful work to do yet. I am—just waiting—for Him to show me—what—His will is—for me.”

His difficulty in getting his breath was so great that he wondered if he would get through the nights, for each night seemed to him likely

to be his last on earth, and his strength gradually failed. Week by week I could notice a difference, though he went out a little whenever the weather was mild and sunny, but each time he could do less.

I drove him for short turns in my pony-cart when fine enough, so that he could take the air without exertion. He seemed to enjoy being on the road again, it gave a change of scene; and people were glad to see him and greet him. But he could not respond except by a slight nod, and not always that.

The last time he was out for a drive in the pony-cart was on Friday, March 15; for more than a week he had been too weak to venture on mounting a higher-wheeled trap. At his request I drove him from Merrow to Stoke, for he wanted to see someone at Bell Fields and leave a message. However, we met the man driving on the Stoke Road, so I hailed him. He pulled up, alighted, and came to the back of the trap so as to be near enough to hear what Mr. Oliver might say. He noticed how ill he seemed, and said in a kindly tone: "Dear, dear! I am sorry to see you like this, and you've been such a plucky one, too."

I answered for Mr. Oliver: "Yes; he has

had three months of it—constant expectation—no rest night or day. . . .”

Mr. Oliver made an appointment for him to come and see him on the following Monday (March 18), and whispered: “You will be sure and come;” and he did so. Afterwards the man told me how glad he was to have had this opportunity of seeing him at Merrow, “for,” he said, “he told me many things—*things worth hearing.*”

On Wednesday, March 20, 1912, in his seventy-sixth year, Mr. Oliver passed away “to be with Christ, which is far better.” The same day towards evening I met this man driving by. I called out: “Our old friend has passed away.”

“When?” he asked.

“To-day at twelve o’clock.”

He said: “Oh, I am sorry—dear, dear!” and then reverently raised his head and looked upwards, lifting his right hand, and said: “God bless his dear old soul!” and passed on.

I was to have taken my old friend for a drive on Tuesday the 19th, but the wind proving too cold, I drove over to see him about five o’clock instead of arriving earlier. It proved to be our *last* interview. He seemed much

weaker, and now had some pain in the throat ; it was so difficult for him to swallow anything. He said he had enjoyed some stewed rabbit (but I expect it was bread soaked in gravy). I offered to get him a bird ; he seemed very pleased, and thanked me, adding : “ Anything—for a change—of food—that is—the main thing—one does not know—what to take.”

I noticed the mucus seemed thicker, and did not come away so easily. He said : “ I am—so weak now—I can hardly—stand to—dress myself—and yesterday—morning—I had such—a difficulty—in getting—my breath—that I—quite thought—it was my—last struggle. It is not—a calm—evening—to life.”

I replied : “ No ; you get no rest.”

I offered to read to him, but he preferred talking ; and when I left, he laid his hand on mine and said : “ Good-bye—thank you—for all—you—have—done—for me—God—bless—you !” Then I drove into the town to make the purchase for him.

In quite the early morning while it was dark—probably between two and three o’clock—a white bird—I think an owl—flew down the road from the Merrow direction and came straight to my window. It seemed to pause

there a second or two with outspread wings, which showed up white from the gaslight below. It then flew upward,—passing out of sight.

I said : “Lord, what is it? What does it mean?” Such a thing had not happened before all the years I have been here.—“What am I to understand by it? Is he passing away?—or is he dead?”

I did not understand what it could mean, nor could I pray for him ; words were withheld. “Lord, have you sent to let me know?” I felt this must be the case.

Next morning, the 20th, I had no heart for driving over to Merrow, and indeed was hindered from doing so. In the afternoon Mr. Oliver’s eldest son came and said : “Father died peacefully about twelve o’clock to-day. He had a fall in the early morning, and became unconscious, and remained so to the last. His wife let my brother know, and he sent for me to come, and about ten o’clock we were with him, and remained till all was over.”

I heard afterwards that on getting out of bed he had fallen forwards and struck his head near the eye, and did not again recover consciousness, passing away without a struggle. His son said he had not thought “it possible for anyone

to die so easily ; I wish that ‘ my last end ’ may ‘ be like his ’ ! ” (Num. xxiii. 10).

The funeral took place at Merrow on the following Monday, in the afternoon. A good number of relatives and friends were present ;—his favourite horse, “ Dandy,” followed in the dogcart.

There were many wreaths. On one of laurustinus, daffodils (large double), and dwarf white hyacinths, a card was attached with these words :

“ Jesus answered . . . where I am, there shall also My servant be.”—JOHN xii. 26.

“ A crown of glory that fadeth not away.”—1 PET. v. 4.

CHAPTER VII

TESTIMONIES AND REMINISCENCES

“ Judge not the Lord by feeble sense,
But trust Him for His grace;
Behind a frowning Providence
He hides a smiling face.

“ His purposes will ripen fast,
Unfolding ev’ry hour;
The bud may have a bitter taste,
But sweet will be the flower.”

COWPER.

TESTIMONIES AND REMINISCENCES

“Speak what thou knowest.”—JOB xxxiv. 33.

SOME nice letters have been sent to me with regard to Mr. Oliver and his work for the Guildford S.P.C.A. I will quote a few lines from some of them. One writes from Send, near Ripley :

“I have known Thomas Oliver for a great number of years, and in all that time he has borne a most exemplary character. My sister who belonged to the Society thought very highly of him, and always spoke of him as a most efficient and trustworthy officer.”

Another also writes from Send :

“If some of the poor dumb things could tell their tale, you would soon fill a book, I am sure.”

From Bramley I have this :

“I always found him most conscientious in his work and very civil. We were sorry he could not remain as an Inspector when we joined the Royal Society of the P.C.A.”

One writes from Hindhead :

“We were in difficulties over the training of a very high-spirited but nervous little dog, and his tact and experience were of great value to us. He never spared himself any trouble when he could be of service.”

Another from Bramley writes :

“My brother is too much occupied to write, but I do so on his behalf, and to say he wishes I was able to give you more details of the life of Thomas Oliver. We do know that during the many years he was about us, he was one of the most clever and efficient officers the G.S.P.C.A. had, always ready at once to respond to any case of cruelty, and in such a quiet manner as to excite no suspicion. He had helped us in many cases, and always with success. We were deeply sorry when he ceased to be the officer of these parts. Thomas Oliver used to give quite nice little lectures on the horse, and although I have never heard him lecture, his plain words, etc., made the object (lesson) quite clear to his listeners. His private life is as good as his public one has been.”

One in Guildford writes :

“Though never brought in contact with him while he was connected with the Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals, it always

struck me, as an outsider, that he was a capable and conscientious officer, and his vigilance in detecting cases of cruelty appeared to me sometimes surprising. Dumb animals had in him a friend whose sympathy and consideration were shown in a very practical way."

Another in Guildford writes :

"I think I am pretty safe in saying that the 'Guildford and District' Society was started in 1883, and that Oliver was appointed the Inspector, which appointment he held with credit to himself and to the satisfaction of the Committee and the Hon. Secretaries till the Society was given over in 1903 to the Royal Society in London. You will see that he held the Inspectorship close on twenty years."

Yet another in Guildford writes :

"We consider him to be a man of strong character and considerable ability. My attention was first attracted to him by seeing the prompt and clever and kindly aid he gave to a frightened plough-boy on a horse that was wild with terror at the sight of a camel."

One from Dunsford, near Godalming :

"My sister, the late Mrs. ———, always found him most courteous and kind, and I have had the same experience ; and I think he is a lover of animals and good to them in every way."

A former well-known resident in Guildford, now dwelling in Folkestone, writes :

“He was a man of sterling worth—such as one rarely meets in these days. I have recollections of him from quite my early days, always as of one who carried his Christianity in his very walk up and down the streets, and one whose influence on those around him could only be for good. . . . Did Oliver ever mention to you MacDonald’s Evening Mission School for poor boys in Guildford? I have an idea that he helped MacDonald a good deal in those days, when it was almost the only thing of the kind for helping poor lads.”

One who lives at Merrow, but wrote from Brighton, says :

“I have known Mr. Oliver for very many years, and have a great respect for him. I believe his work as Inspector for P.C.A. was very thorough and efficient. He is very fond of animals, and has on several occasions advised me about my horse and dog.”

Another writing from Merrow says :

“I have known him since 1880, and knew of his character before his election to the office of Inspector to the Guildford S.P.C.A., and can speak as to his ability for such a position, knowing his fearlessness in every respect. I

often was present and watched his cases at the Bench, and it did not matter *what counsel* was for the defendant, Mr. Oliver invariably won his case . . . he was so careful in seeing that he had just cause, and was so straight, and knew how to plead for the poor dumb animals. I have known Mr. Oliver threatened by a rough class of men when they have been told to stop and let him examine their horses ; they threatened, no doubt, with a view to frightening him, but it made no difference. Mr. Oliver would say : ‘ If you do not know any better, you try it on ; but you know it will be the worse for you in the end.’ . . . I know that Mr. Oliver was much respected by many, who I know spoke well of him. When the Society was taken over by the London Society, Mr. Oliver received a splendid testimonial of about £75, which, of course, speaks for itself. . . . Also, Mr. Oliver was a useful citizen, helping in many ways to better the position of his fellow-men. We have to-day a Regulation Scheme for the Merrow Downs, which not only Merrow parishioners, but all the Guildfordians may enjoy—walks and games, etc., on these beautiful Downs. But the great blessing of the open space was not won easily, and in which Mr. Oliver with others took a very active part. I remember well the time when the Militia were encamped on the Downs in 1882, in consequence of which a Commons’ Committee was

elected, and the War Office was written to, asking for compensation for the damage done to herbage. It was asked, Who suffered loss? Mr. Oliver, one of the Committee, at once said he did, for he had a donkey continually turned out there. Through that answer mostly the War Office sent the Committee £5. After this the donkey played a most conspicuous part. The following year another £5 was sent. Mr. Oliver's donkey took part in processions on the Downs with other animals to claim our rights, which at last ended in the Downs being left unenclosed, and given to the public for ever."

Another writes :

"He was chosen as Inspector for the Guildford S.P.C.A. in 1883; this post he held nearly twenty years. All he did was 'unto the Lord,' not sparing himself in the execution of his duty night or day—even all night, if necessary, for the proper handling of a case in the courts. He kept to no stated hours, nor did he wear any particular uniform. A large district was under his supervision, and he often appeared on the scene when least expected. He was very careful and painstaking in noting his particulars; nothing seemed a trouble to him, and he would often go out of his way to help his fellows, as well as the poor animals. His was an active, useful life; he was much re-



Photo by his eldest son.

THOMAS OLIVER HOLDING "COPENHAGEN."

"It must be the Lord Himself who makes a small old man so useful among rough and reckless men."

spected and looked up to by all classes of society."

Another writes:

"It must be the Lord Himself who makes a small old man so useful among rough and reckless men. It would have been a pity for such a useful life as Oliver's to be lost to the Church and to the world."

At a large "At Home" a lady said to me: "I have not seen you for such a long time; I thought you must have gone abroad again. Have you been away?"

"No; I have been much occupied. I am writing the life of Thomas Oliver."

"Oh, really!" She paused, and then said: "You don't mean *our* Mr. Oliver of Merrow?"

I said: "Yes, I do."

She answered: "Why, we *all* know him; all our children know him, too. How interesting it must be! Is it published yet?"

"No; but I hope it soon will be."

"That will be nice! We shall all want to see it."

My dear old friend had a strong sense of uprightness and great fearlessness in the cause of truth, and positively hated all evil ways.

People often came to him when they were in any difficulty or trouble, whether about horses or on any other matter, knowing that he had a good knowledge of the law, and would give them carefully considered advice—often in but few words—advice worth having, the outcome of his great, varied, and well-remembered experiences. He never dictated, but always left them to think over, appreciate, and act on what he said ; but if they did not do this, afterwards they often realized that it was to their own loss, and then they wished that they had immediately given heed to his recommendations. No one ever asked his help in vain ; he was ever ready and prompt in seeking others' welfare rather than his own ; and when they thanked him and asked, "What do I owe you?" he would reply, "Oh, that doesn't matter ; let it go."

A man called to see me on business one evening, and said how sorry he was to hear of Mr. Oliver's illness, and asked: "How is he?"

I replied : "Very far from well."

"Oh, dear! I have known him for a long while ; he was always friendly and nice when we met. We could get on all right.

I wonder why? But some he just would 'not know' or speak to; it was only 'How do?' and passed on."

"I expect it is because you are a Christian and he is one too. There is a sort of Freemasonry between Christians; we know each other as belonging to the King."

"Yes, that's so."

I quote the following to show his thoughtfulness on behalf of the animals.—When on his rounds he carried an oil-can with him in hot weather; it was a real pleasure to him to be of use and ease unnecessary sufferings.

A Guildford man writes:

"I was on my road with the dray and pair of horses going to Horsell from Guildford on a very hot day about ten years ago. Mr. Oliver overtook me on the road, and as the flies were tormenting my horses very much, he got off his cycle;—he took some oil, and rubbed it on his hands, and then put it on the horses' ears, nose, and chest to relieve them."

When spending a day at Oxford, near Carfax, a man was standing by the roadside with a large tray of tortoises for sale on a hand-barrow. Mr. Oliver picked out three or four and examined them. The man was eager for a pur-

chaser, but Mr. Oliver pointed out to him that the poor things had 'ticks' on them under their arms, and requested him to take them off. The man said he did not know they were harmful ; however, Mr. Oliver saw that he took them off at once, and requested him to look well to the others also. This the man set about doing immediately.

Later in the day, not far from St. Giles's some cattle were being driven into the town by a lad. They were feeling the heat very much, and one of them, a large, heavy beast, could hardly get along ; he stopped every few seconds, and carried his head low, near the ground, with saliva falling from his mouth. Mr. Oliver said : "He's nearly done ; he will be down directly."

The creature, separating itself from the rest, made for a water-trough ; the lad stopped with the others, and waited for him to drink.

Mr. Oliver was so pleased at the lad's conduct that he went across the road to compliment him on his kindness to the animal, and to tell him how this had been the means of saving the creature from a collapse, with consequent suffering and delay.

At a coffee tavern in Guildford, where Mr.

Oliver was well known, a man spoke to me and said : " So you have lost your old friend ? "

I said : " Yes ; but he is better off now, where ' the wicked cease from troubling, and there the weary be at rest ' " (Job iii. 17).

A young man near joined in and said : " Ah, but he was a straight man, and no mistake. He did not try to make cases against you ; he didn't run you in for nothing ; he didn't run a man down because he was poor, and then look the other way if a ' toff ' came by. He would stop anybody, where anything was wrong.

" Just to show you the sort of man he was, and the patience he had :—

" We bought a pony off of ' —— ' and put it in a cart ; it went a few yards, and then laid down. We got it up, and went on a little way, when down it went again. Just then Mr. Oliver came along ; we asked him what we could do with such a pony. He said : ' Oh ! let me have it for a week, and see if anything can be done with it.'

" Well, he had it a week, and we met him down in the market, and asked : ' How's the pony going ? ' ' Oh, beautifully. It goes lovely ! Better let me have it another week, it may then forget its little ways.' Father said : ' My sister

wants to go over to see her uncle one day soon. Will you put the pony in and come here for her soon after two o'clock?' 'Yes; all right.'

"The day came, but no cart; three and four o'clock passed; but just before five Mrs. Oliver arrived, saying that her husband had put the pony in the cart at two o'clock, and on starting it had laid down in the road, and when she left to come and tell us, Mr. Oliver was still in the cart, and, as far as she knew, was sitting there now. Fancy, stopping there all that time! Just to tire him out, you know. But think of the patience of the man! Well, he sat there till the pony got up, about seven o'clock."

I asked: "What became of the animal?"

"Oh, we gave it up as a bad business," he replied, "and sent the pony back to where it came from."

When Mr. Oliver told me about it, he said: "Just think of that pony lying there all those hours on the frosty ground. I wonder why he did it? He could not have enjoyed it, any more than I did."

A saying that Mr. Oliver often quoted was:

"For pity without relief
Is like mustard without beef."

I remember his mentioning :

“ It was strange how many people have offered me strong drink, which I have declined ; they seem to think that it is the right thing to say, ‘ Come and have a drink ! ’ to which I would reply, ‘ No, thank you,’ and sometimes add : ‘ Why do you offer a drink ? A sandwich or a mutton chop would be far more acceptable ’ ; but—in a sad tone he said—“ as a rule they do not care to offer that.”

If he had a cup of coffee given him which was too hot to drink, he generally poured some into the saucer, and said, with a smile, “ It tastes of that which is not in it.”

“ What is that ? ” we asked ; and he would reply :

“ Fire.”

When anyone waited on him at dinner-time he would quote : “ ‘ Whether is greater, he that sitteth at meat, or he that serveth ? ’ (Luke xxii. 27) ; but Jesus said : ‘ I am among you as he that serveth ’ ; it is an honourable office, and we can be happy in doing it (see John xiii. 5, 14, 15, 17). Are we ready and willing to take ‘ the towel ’ and ‘ wash one another’s feet ’ ; and to do the humblest service one to another for the Master’s sake—as He set us ‘ an example ’ ? ”

If anyone greeted him, asking : "How are you?" he would reply : "Thank you, about or up to the usual," as the case might be ; and if anyone inquired : "What have you been doing lately?" he invariably answered : "As usual, the best I can ; why?"

During the great heat in the record summer of 1911 a man arrived with some forage, and greeted him thus : "Well, Mr. Oliver, do you manage to keep warm?"

"Oh no," he said ; "no."

The man asked : "Why, how is that?"

Oliver replied : "It is the weather that keeps me warm—no frost about!"

It was only just ninety-six in the shade!

When anyone said to him : "Oh, I have such a bad cold!" he would quietly ask : "Did you ever know of a good one?"

Once he was questioned as to whether someone he knew well was "all right?" "Oh yes," he said ; "she has more sense in her little finger than you have in your whole body!"

Though he attended horse and cattle shows on behalf of the animals, taking a keen interest in them and their abilities as shown in their performances in the ring, he rarely, if ever, went to any entertainment or anything of the kind ;

he had no taste or inclination for it ; he looked on those things as waste of time and money, and much deplored the reckless way that wages, often sorely needed at home, were continually being thrown away now on recreations of various kinds.

A pastor writes from London :

“I remember . . . he tired me out, when walking over the Surrey hills ; I enjoyed his company and his energy, and judged him to be a man of sound Christian integrity.”

On Sundays he regularly took part in his own meetings with Open Brethren, in Breaking of Bread with Believers in the morning, and joining in the Evangelistic Service in the evening. In the afternoons, when his duties had been attended to, he did not take a nap, but started off for a walk, calling on any that were sick and unable to attend a place of worship, giving them a word of “good cheer ” and prayer before leaving. His ministrations were both gentle, tender, and uplifting.

On Wednesday evenings he rarely missed, and punctually attended and took part in, the Bible readings when held. There were often but few present, yet it was a helpful, quiet time

of waiting upon God for the Holy Spirit's power for leading, teaching, and guidance.

A "Friend" wrote from Chatswood, N.S.W., Australia, in November, 1911:

"Thomas Oliver and I are nearing the end of our pilgrimage (I am in my seventy-sixth year), and know that 'we have not followed cunningly devised fables.' Each has probably, like Jacob, had our Peniel, and, like him, realized our own weakness and our Redeemer's faithfulness and strength ever after."

A Pastor writes from Bournemouth, June 25, 1912:

"Thanks very much for telling me of the Home-going of dear old Thomas Oliver. A man who seemed to me quite ripe for Heaven. We had several talks together. As I look back and call to memory some of the talks we had . . . he impressed me with the idea that he was looking forward to entering a city '*not made with hands*' [2 Cor. v. 1] 'whose builder and maker is God'" [Heb. xi. 10].

I have looked up and placed in brackets most of the texts quoted by Mr. Oliver in course of conversation; his thoughts often ran in the

exact words of Scripture. "Thy Word was unto me the joy and rejoicing of mine heart"—Jer. xv. 16. This was true of him, and he could say : "I have esteemed the words of His mouth more than my necessary food"—Job xxiii. 12 ; see also Ps. cxix. 97-107.



CONCLUSION

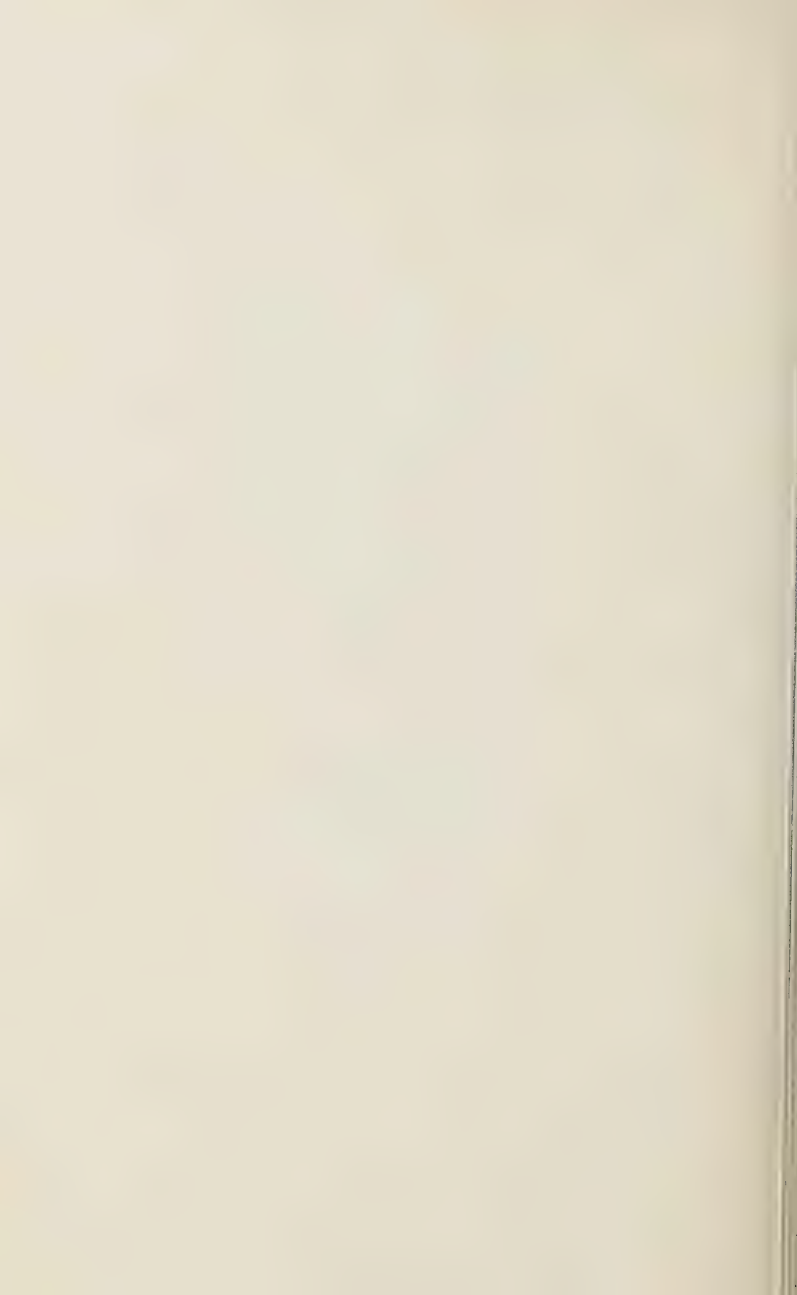
“ Oh, blessed life of service and of love,
Heart wide as life, deep as life's deepest woe !
His servants serve Him day and night above,
Thou served'st day and night we thought below.

“ Hands full of blessings lavished far and wide,
Hands tender to bind up hearts [and limbs]
wounded sore ;
Stooping quite down earth's lowest needs beside,
‘Master, like Thee !’ we thought, and said no more.

* * * * *

“ Looking from thee to Him once wounded sore,
We learned a little more His face to see ;
Then, looking from the Cross for us He bore
To thine, we almost understood for thee.

“ Till now, again we gaze on thee above,
Strong, unwearied, serving day and night ;
Oh, blessed life of service and of love !
Master, like Thee ! and with Thee in Thy light.”



CONCLUSION

“He that doeth the will of God abideth for ever.”—
I JOHN ii. 17.

DEAR READER,—you will see that I have not attempted to write any account of the Guildford Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals, which was a distinct little Society and not connected with any other, and did a large amount of good work from the time it was started in August, 1883, till it was given up in 1903 ; nor have I given any special notice of its three excellent secretaries, Mrs. Parsons, Albert Napper, Esq., and Captain Gaitskill, who in succession managed its affairs, and each of whom gave Mr. Oliver the same excellent character.

I have not mentioned the actual number of cases that were prosecuted in each year or the statistics of all the larger, far larger, number of persons who were warned, cautioned, and taught to do better (although Mr. Oliver gave me his manuscripts, books, and papers), but rather I have

been led to take actual samples of some of the most interesting, instructive cases and incidents connected with the work, as far as possible in his own words and as he recounted his experiences to me.

Thus from his early years we see how he "set the Lord always before" him (Ps. xvi. 8). High-spirited and plucky little fellow as he was, yet he was ever ready to befriend, and—

"Help those who are weak,
Forgetting in nothing
His blessing to seek."

W. D. LONGSTAFF.

He was converted before he was twenty out in the open field ; and in the various vicissitudes of service God kept him by His "power through faith" true and steadfast, guiding and controlling him through life. "God is faithful, who will not suffer you to be tempted above that ye are able" . . . so "that ye may be able to bear it"—1 Cor. x. 13. He went without any "arm of flesh," legal or otherwise, to help him before the Bench in the combat against evil deeds and lying tongues ; "even his enemies" were made "to be at peace with him"—Prov. xvi. 7—and willingly signed the petition that he should be

retained to continue as Inspector in the New Guildford Branch, then being formed under the London Royal Society of the P.C.A.

He was enabled to start his business as fly proprietor, which for a few years he carried on to everyone's satisfaction, till the constant and increasing work, night and day, grew to be too much for his strength ; so he sold his business and went into private service again, a post of honour and trust as steward and coachman, doing his work "heartily, as to the Lord"—Col. iii. 23. He did "whatever his hand" found to do with his "might," not minding what that was so long as it was useful work ; *unnecessary work* he said he *could not do*.

When, at the age of seventy-five years, he passed away "to be with Christ," he had lived to see his "children's children"—Prov. xvii. 6, and was respected and looked up to by many in all the country round.

May our eyes be open to realize more of what goes on around us, and be ready, like him, to help and benefit our fellow creatures at all times and in all places, without respect of persons, and—wherever possible—to help and comfort God's suffering animal creation as well.

I have tried to show his kindness of disposi-

tion, his unerring sense of duty, his unswerving steadfastness in the cause of truth, his unselfish willingness to go anywhere, to do anything, night or day, to alleviate suffering of any kind, wherever found, and that, too, at a moment's notice. All this he did with reference to, and under God's eye, as "unto Him that loved us"—Rev. i. 5, and in the "ability which God giveth : that God in all things may be glorified through Jesus Christ, to whom be praise and dominion for ever and ever. Amen."—1 Pet. iv. 11.

“DUM VIVIMUS, VIVAMUS.”

“Live while you live, the epicure would say,
And seize the pleasures of the present day.
Live while you live, the sacred preacher cries,
And give to God each moment as it flies.
Lord, in my views let both united be:
I live in pleasure when I live to Thee.”

DR. DODDRIDGE.

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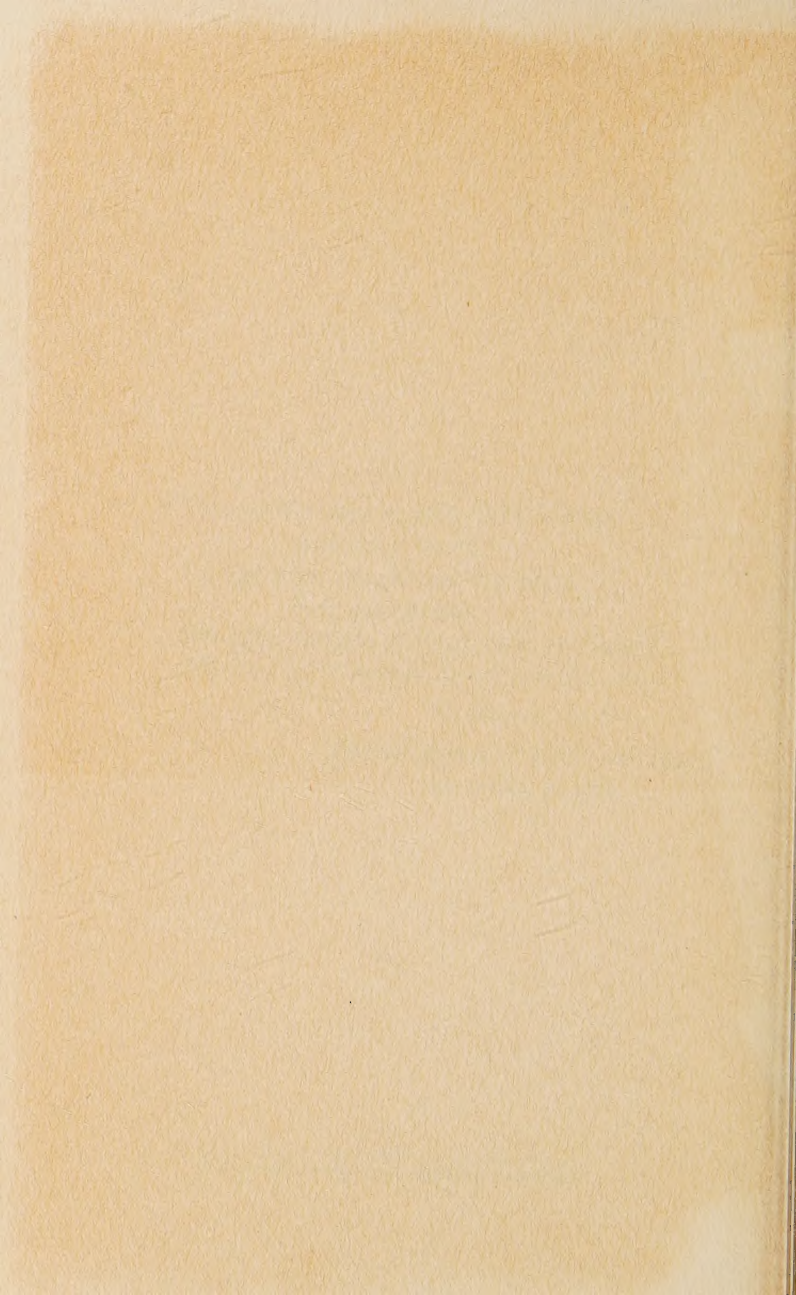
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“’Tis not for man to trifle, Life is brief
And sin is here ;
An age is but the falling of a leaf—
A dropping tear.
We have no time to sport away the hours,
All must be in earnest in a world like ours.”

H. BONAR, D.D.

(From *Hymns of Faith and Hope*,
1st series, p. 48.)



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Mylne, Jessy Louisa.

Holding up the standard on behalf
the weak against the strong : a life
Thomas Oliver, twenty years inspector
of the Guildford Society for the
Prevention of Cruelty to Animals
Jessy Louisa Mylne. -- London ; New
York : Marshall, 1913.

xiv, 249p. : plates ; 20cm.
Includes indexes.

1. Oliver, Thomas, 1837-1912.
2. Guildford Society for the Prevention
of Cruelty to Animals. 3. Animal
Treatment of--Guildford, Eng. I.

